THE CHEATS.

A COMEDY.

Written in the Year, M. DC. LXII.

The Second *Edition.*

Hor. Serm. 1.

—— Ridentem dicere verum,
Quis vetat? ——

IMPRIMATUR,
Nov. 5. 1663. *Roger L'eſtrange.*

LONDON.

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The Author, TO The Reader.

Petron. Arbiter.

——*Non omnibus unum eſt*
Quod placet, Hic, Spinas colligit, ille, Roſas.

I Have ever had ſo little Faith for Apologies, that I rather believ'd they did more hurt than good; and for the moſt part, left things in a worſe condition than they found them: The ſence of this, made me paſs ſome late cenſures in ſilence; and perhaps, might have oblig'd me to the ſame ſtill, had I not found a duſt rais'd, and believ'd it my concern to blow it off, at leaſt, endeavour it:——To come to the matter; This Comedy was lately Acted, and (as it fares with things of this nature) variouſly receiv'd; Nor could I well have expected other; It were too much fondneſs (not to ſay worſe) to tax that freedom in another, which I ſhould think hard, to be deny'd my ſelf:——No——this is nothing of the point; All that I take notice of, is this, How juſtly it may have deſerv'd all that has been ſaid upon't; unleſs People would have it dealt with like Don Quixot's *Library, ſome burnt for the Curate's ſake, other for the Barber's, and not the leaſt for the good* Womans:——*Not to detain you longer in the Porch, I have at preſent, but this ſhort requeſt, That it may ſpeak for it ſelf:——And firſt, (to take the parts as they lye)* I *ſhall begin with* Bilboe, *and* Titere Tu; *the one, uſurping the name of a Major, the other, of a Captain, whereas in truth (and as may be gather'd from their diſcourſe) they never were either, or ſcarcely, any thing like it:————A humour that can be no wiſe ſtrange, to any man that knew this Town, between the years 46, and 50, and being ſo un-*

understood, will be as unlikely to prove an occasion of Scandal, to any person of Honour; For if I have shewn the odd practices of two vain persons, pretending to what they were not, I think I have sufficiently justify'd the Brave man, *even by this Reason, That the exception proves the Rule:* —— *And further, if there be any thing in their language, that may seem loose, be pleased to consider who they are that speak it; and then I hope you'll thus far absolve me, as to say, I had as ill brought 'um in, with a pair of* Beads *at their Girdle, as my Puritan Constable, with a Feather in's Cap:* — *But secondly, for the Second Scene, I am confident I may pass it, and come to the Third; where (and in other parts of the Play) if you meet with a small pretender to Astrology, Physick, the Rosycrucian humour, Fortune-telling, and I know not what: or in the fifth Act,* Qualiacunque velis vendentem somnia,—— *I shall instead of plea to it, only enlarge my request: That you would but run over the late Adventures of that kind, the sad effects of which, may be well fear'd to live among the people, when the persons that writ 'um may be either dead, or forgotten:* —— *Nor do I think I ought to ask pardon, that I have taken a Levite, to this Teraphim, since whoever shall give himself the trouble of enquiry, will (without the least force upon the Text) easily find, that both alike have spoken vanity:* —— *But fourthly, for what concerns* Runter, *though I think I might have let that pass too, yet, because I would not be mis-understood, give me leave to believe, That no wise man can conceive either Profession,* viz. *Common, or Civil Law, could be intended in it:* —— *For as to the first, those that know my way of education, will be ready to excuse me thus far, That had I design'd that, I must necessarily have laid it another way, and perhaps too, might have been able to have done't;* —— *or if I had struck at the latter, That I was not so altogether a stranger to it, as not to have run it higher;* —— *Let this suffice to both, That I made use of no more, than what serv'd to my purpose, and so I leave it to a favourable interpretation, and come to the fifth Scene,* viz. *Mr.* Scruple, *where, if any man shall say, I have trod too near upon Religion, I hope, upon his second thoughts, I may trust my cause with him; when, if he shall rightly understand it, he will easily perceive That I have only shewn how that venerable Name has been abus'd, and that best thing, made Bawd to the worst actions:* —— *Lastly, to any man that shall say, such or such humours have either been in the Town before, or formerly writ upon, give me leave to offer this to the first, That Comedy, either is, or should be, the true Picture of Virtue,*

tue, or Vice; yet so drawn, as to shew a man how to follow the one, and avoid the other; in doing which, if I have fram'd any thing that was not, I had not onely beguil'd the Town, but wrong'd my self: —— *Doth not* Martial *say of his Epigrams,* Dictavit auditor? *And was not* Quicquid agant homines —— *Horace's* farrago? —— *As to the second, If it has been said so long since, That there is nothing which has not been before, I hope (if I may have order'd upon any one that has gone before) I am thus far excusable, that I have purposely declin'd both his matter, and his way:* —— *To which if the contrary shall chance to be objected, I think it enough at present to say, That I am in Possession, and a bare They say, without shewing, and comparing the place, will not be sufficient to evict me out of it:* — *To be short, were there nothing more, even this were enough, That there is hardly any thing left to write upon, but what either the Ancients or Moderns have some way or other touch'd on;* — *Did not* Apulejus *take the rise of his* Golden Asse, *from* Lucian's Lucius? *and* Erasmus, *his* Alcumistica, *from* Chaucer's Canons Yeomans Tale? *and* Ben: Johnson, *his more happy* Alchymist, *from both?* —— *The Argument were everlasting* —— Sed Cynthius aurem Vellit, & admonuit — *And therefore upon the whole matter, whoever may have seen the Play, or shall happen to read this, I have but two things more to beg of him,* — *the one, That in a new Comment, he pick not out any ill meaning, which I never intended:* Improbè facit qui in alieno libro ingeniosus est; —— *The other, That he remember that of the Tragedian,* Si judicas, cognosce; — *And then perhaps, I may have deserv'd his thanks, That I thus hung out the Buoy, to discover the Rock, and drew the Curtain from an old Cheat, to no other end, but to prevent a new.* —— Farewel.

NOVEMBER 16. 1663. THE

The Perſons.

Whitebroth.	An Alderman.
Runter.	A Civilian,
Afterwitt.	A Gentleman Suitor to Bea.
Folly.	His Friend.
Tyro.	A young Squire, Pretender to Bea.
Scruple.	A Non-conformiſt.
Mopus.	An Aſtrological Phyſician.
Bilboe. *Titere Tu.*	Two Hectors; The one, uſurping the Name of a Major; the other of a Captain.
Double-Diligence.	A Puritan Conſtable.
Timothy.	The Alderman's Servant.
Mrs. *Whitebroth.*	The Alderman's Wife.
Mrs. *Mopus.*	The Aſtrologer's Wife.
Mrs. *Double-Diligence.*	The Conſtable's Wife.
Beatrice.	The Alderman's Daughter.
Cis.	The Alderman's Maid.

THE SCENE.

London.

THE PROLOGUE.

Cuſtome prevails, and ſomewhat muſt be ſay'd,
To tye your Hands, and ſave the Author's head;
'Tis a new Play you'll cry — What then? 'Twere too
Too much to find you meat, and ſtomacks too:
But ſince it muſt — — Expect no Bill of fare,
No — — I ſhall onely tell ye, What's not here:
We've no Sententious Sir — No grave Sir Poll;
No little Pugge, nor Devil — Bleſs us All!
No tedious Sieges to the Muſick-room;
Nor frisks abroad — No — Our Scene's all at home:
But if you ask me, How? — 'Troth, I've forgot;
And now I think on't; — It may ſpoil the Plot:
To give't you before hand — What e're it be,
Have but a little Patience, and you'll ſee.

ANOTHER.

Intended, upon the revival of the Play, but not ſpoken.

SAD News my Maſters; and too true, I fear,
For us — Scruple's *a ſilenc'd Miniſter;*
Would ye the Cauſe? — The Brethren ſnivle, and ſay,
'Tis ſcandalous that any Cheat, but they:
well — to be ſhort; H'as been before the Tryers,
And (by good Fortune) is got out o'th' Bryers;
Where, if he loſt a Limb to ſave the reſt,
No hurt — Here's yet enough, to know the Beaſt:
Nor let the ſiſters pule — (I'll tell y' a thing)
He may be libb'd, and yet have left, a ſtring.

THE

The Cheats.

ACT. I. SCE. I.

Enter

Bilboe, and *Titere Tu*, as meeting.

T. T. Oh! Major! — *Quibus Hector*, &c.

Bil. Why faith the old Trade ſtill; Here, and there, and every where: But how now Captain! — *Latine! Latine!* — Send us fair weather; — From ſmall Beer, and ends of *Latine*; — Deliver me.

T. T. Troth I riſs with as little of 't this morning, as the reſt of my Neighbours: And yet once to day, 't was a meaſureing caſt, whither I had *Engliſh* enough left me, to carry me to bed.

Bil. For why my man o' *Memphis*? — New adventures?

T. T. Small Game: — However, 'tis better than idleneſs. — A man would pick ſtraws, rather than not keep his hand in ure: — Any thing good Major in an honeſt way.

Bil. Thou't in the right Boy: — But heark you — Did he bite?

T. T. Yes: — And I've ſtruck him too.

Bil. A Squire? — Another Squire?

T. T. He may be one in time: — But for the preſent, he is only a ſmall Batchelor of the Law; new come to Town, not learn breeding.

Bil. I'le ſay this — And a fig for thee — He has as hopeful a Tutor, as a man need have rak'd Hell for.

T. T. Mean you me Sir, or *Runter* the Civilian, to whoſe care, his father by his laſt will committed him?

Bil. Nev'r a Barrel better Herring — *Runter*! — Hah! Hah!

T. T. Why, he thinks himself a learned Man; And 'tis some sign that others are of the same opinion—I can assure you, he mist the *Chancellorship* of *Dunstable*, as narrowly, as ever any man did, that went without it.

Bil. Nay—nay—nay—The Gentleman will be well bred, there's no doubt of 't:—But what's the business?

T. T. Compositions Major—Compositions——A small Collation to save the effusion of Christian blood:——Ah that thou hadst seen him, while the *Prudential*, and my *Second* were discoursing the business——He look't so like a dead Horse, he would neither eat, nor drink, before he knew, whether he should live, or dye:—But, as soon as the sum was agreed, and we had shaken hands upon't——Whip sayes *Jethro*!——He was got drunk, ere I could wet my Whistle.

Bil. But are the Pence numbred?——Do they cry Chink in thy Pocket?——How many yellow Boyes (*Rogue*) How many yellow Boyes?

T. T. Why faith Major, none;——But we are to take up a 100 *l* together, which will be all one.

Bil. But who must lay it down Captain? who must lay it down?

T. T. I have a small Broker, that for 40, or 50 *l.* has undertaken to procure it.

Bil. That may do well——But heark you——Where does your Horse stand?——I hear of a Purchase, and I must out to Night.

T. T. No more good Major——No more of that doleful Tune;——The very remembrance of 't puts me into a cold sweat.

Bil. 'Twas a pretty Nag——Thou hast not sold him?

T. T. Would twere no worse.

Bil. He is not stoll'n?——No Rogues among our selves I hope?

T. T. Neither.

Bil. Or is he dead?

T. T. In Law, I think he be:—I was out t'other Night upon the *Randan*, and who should I meet with but our old *Gang*, some of *St. Nicholas*'s *Clerks*; *Pad* was the word; The *Booty* set by the *Chamberlain*; We took it, and shar'd it; But coming home, were all snap't by a *Hue, and Cry*, for another business, wherein I was not concern'd;

concern'd; which Mr. *Conſtable* perceiving, and imagining me as very a Rogue as the reſt, and that I would be glad to eſcape upon any terms; He takes me aſide, and tells me, That though I was not in this, yet there were others, wherein I had been; And therefore (becauſe I look't like a civil Gentleman, meerly drawn in by ill Company) if I would give him my Horſe, he would let me eſcape:—— You may eaſily believe, he did not ſpeak to a deaf Man, or one that had no mind to underſtand him—I clos'd with him, got me to my Company, made 'um dead drunk, and when they were faſt aſleep, fairly march't off.

Bil. That is to ſay—Ran away

T. T. And a good ſhift too:——You are put to none of theſe hazards Major——You lie as ſafe in the *Conſtable*'s houſe, as a *Thief* in a *Mill*;—Or (to uſe a more familiar expreſſion) ſome of our friends in *Newgate*.

Bil. Yes—I could have better accommodations abroad, but he is my loving friend.

T. T. His Wife you mean.

Bil. Why—— She's a good Girle——And now you talk of theſe *Trumperies*, What's become of your ſmall *Cockatrice*, the Aſtrologer *Mopus* his Wife?

T. T. I ha'n't ſeen her ſince my laſt miſchance; I muſt ev'n to her for new *riggings*;—I hope her husband has had a good *Term* of 't; I'd live like a Prince, if I could perform the tenth part of what his *Bills* promiſe:—But ſee Major! } *Enter Double Diligence, and* yonders your *Pinnace* ſailing by—{ *his Wife.*
Ah how ſhe *booms*!——Prithee *hail* her *Man*: Would I'd the *furling* of her *Main Sail*.

Bil. Landlord! Well met——How now Landlady——This is better than wiſh;——I muſt give you a Barrel of Oyſters, and a Bottle or two of Wine, ere we part, Honeſt Landlord! *Bilboe huggs him.*

D. D. O——good Major——Another time; we are going to exerciſe now.

Bil. But dear Landlord—*Captain*, Advance, and know this Gentleman my friend, and Landlord;—He is the honeſteſt fellow, and the beſt natur'd thing———

D. D. Thank you good Major—I have always your good word.

M. D. I indeed Husband that you have; and more behind your back, than ever I told you of. *T. T. Comes up and ſalutes D. D.*

T. T. Worthy Sir, your ſervants humble ſervant.

D D. Alas good Captain — Indeed and truly — ſweet Sir — The Major and I are old friends.

T. T. And may you long continue ſo.

D. D. I thank you Sir: — Come my Joy, ſhall's walk? I ſhould be loth to have Mr. *Alderman* there before us.

M. D. I my Dear — I ſtay for thee. *Exit D. D.*

Bil. But heark you Huſſy: — *He whiſpers her back.* Where ſhall you and I exerciſe? — Can't you drop him, or give him the ſlip, for an hour or two?

M. D. Oh — No — No — We are to be at Repetition at Mr. *Alderman's* — 'Tis Fryday Night — But I ſhall ſee you anon: Farewell good Major — Your ſervant Sir. *Exit*

T. T. Your ſervant Lady.

Bil. Captain — Prithee let's meet to morrow in the Afternoon, at Mother Formalls the Midwife's; and bring your ſmall *Harlotry* with you, — we'll be merry.

T. T. A match — A match — *Exeunt*

ACT. I. SCE. 2.

Enter.

Folly, Afterwitt.

Aft. YOu are ſo Wiſe: — I have obſerv'd, This World
Dwells moſt abroad, ſeldom, or nev'r at home;
Moſt men can counſel others, few themſelves:

Fol. Hah! Sentences! — There's ſomewhat troubles you;
What is't — And can you call me friend, and yet
Not let me bear my part? Friends ſhould be one;
Breath, Hope, Fear, Will, and Nill the ſame, in common.

Aft. Why — What were you the better if you knew?
You cannot give me eaſe. —

Fol. However try;
A handſome Fellow! And a fair Eſtate!

And

And wit at will! —Thou mayst command the *Town*;
Leave off this fooling:
Ast. I'm beholding to you;
Can you with all your wisdom tell me now
Where this shooe wrings me.
Fol. No:——
Ast. Then pray believe
I know; and if you are my friend, forbear
A further scrutiny:——
Fol. My life, in Love!
Not past that Boyes disease? That troublesom itch?
Come——We'll be *Jovial*, and divert the humor.
Ast. Suppose I were?——Is not the World the same?
Love is the Bond of Nature, and without it,
The Universe, were but a Besome unbound,
Sand, without Lime:——
Fol. I need no further Symptomes
To make the *Crisis*;——Hah!——And you believe.
This dainty Philosophical Poultis,
Will work the Cure?——If I have any skill,
There were a better Remedy:——
Ast. For shame
Thou Infidel to all that's good, or lovely;
May'st thou dye in thy Heresie, and nev'r know
What a good Woman means;——unless perhaps,
For thy conversion:——
Fol. This was intended
For a small Curse:——But I must thank my friend:
And if he were not turn'd *Bigott*. I think,
Might satisfie him: You're in love forsooth!
All in good time——But have you yet consider'd
What 'tis? How much more misery beyond it,
Then on this side of't?——you may fancy Castles,
And forty I know not what's, But they're of Snow,
Come one good shoure, and farewell my fine *Gueguaw*.
Ast. Thou'rt a strange fellow:——What dost think of those
Have gone before us, and commend it too?
Fol. One Woodcock makes no Winter:——But I pray,

What

What are the perſons? Are they not concern'd?
Theſe marry'd Men, are like Boyes in the water,
Ask 'um how't goes, Oh! wondrous hot they cry,
When yet their Teeth chatter for very cold;
If you muſt love, love on; But go no further;
Women enjoy'd, like Rivers in the Sea,
Loſe both their Taſte, and Name; ſuppoſe 'um *Funers*
In the purſuit, they're *Clouds* in the enjoyment.

Aſt. Thou'rt like the Fox, that having loſt his Tayle,
Would fain perſwade the reſt to make't a faſhion;
Prithee give over:——

Fol. Troth I've ſcarce begun;
Suppoſe her handſome; She's a Honey-pot
I'th' Sun; If otherwiſe; you'll ne're endure her;
If honeſt; Inſolent, though ne're ſo ugly;
She thinks, you are beholding to her for't;
And yet, who knows how long ſhe may be ſo:
Is ſhe the Map of Modeſty? perhaps
'Tis but your own opinion; Love is blind;
There's many paſs for ſuch, whoſe Husbands yet,
Could, if they durſt, tell you another Tale.
Is ſhe a Houſwife? Can ſhe make a Band?
Order a Dairy? Cure a broken Shin?
Examine your Accounts, and at Years end,
Pray tell me what yo've ſav'd:——Is ſhe high born?
Twenty to one, She's proud, and quickly ſcorns you:
What are you better for thoſe doughty Acts
My Lord, Her great great Grandfather perform'd,
The Lord knows where? Or t'ave her Portion paid you
In Genealogies, Gilt Spurs, and Cantons.

Aſt. Come—I can hold no longer—Have you done?

Fol. With your good patience, a word—Conſider,
'Tis like a Battel, to be fought but once;
And therefore, if it muſt be ſo, Be ſure
She be your Equal, and, if poſſible, Vertuous;
At leaſt, not tainted with her Mothers Vices:
And now, if after this, thou dar'ſt be wiving,
Th'art a bold Fellow: and that's all I'll ſay;

Heav'n

Heav'n keep thee yet within the power of *Hellebore*.

Aſt. Prithee be n't ſo ſevere. Thou art my friend,
And I'll deal plainly with thee — That Eſtate
Which you believe ſo fair (And were 't not for
My father's Debts, and ſome ſmall ſlips of mine,
Might have look't ſomewhat like it) is at preſent
At that low Ebb, That if I don't look to 't,
In time, 'twill be quite paſt Recovery:
Come — the Red Petticoat muſt piece up all:

Fol. 'T as a half-face of Reaſon: — As you ſay,
Deſperate Cauſes, muſt have deſperate Cures:
But what is he, has got this hank upon 'a?

Aſt. Did you never hear of *Alderman whitebroth*

Fol. I, ther's a Jew indeed — I'll tell thee what,
He has a Daughter, Thou ſhalt have her too,
Though it be but to be reveng'd of him.

Aſt. There ſpake my friend: — O — but her father: —

Fol. What?

Aſt. — Will never give conſent: —

Fol. To chooſe; — She'll make
The better Wife to juſtifie her folly.

Aſt. Prithee be ſerious: —

Fol. Good faith I am;
And if thou haſt her not, one way, or other,
I'll be thy Bondman: — We'll about it ſtreight. *Exeunt.*

ACT. I. SCE. 3.

Enter

Mopus Solus with a Book, &c.

Mo. SAturne and *Jupiter*, come to a *Trine* in *Taurus*, and *Capricorne* — Huh — We ſhall have ſtrangers come to Town, and their Wives nev'r miſs 'um in the Countrey: — Next Month they all meet in the houſe of *Mercury*, he being *Lord* thereof, and *Significator* of Speech; It may intend, Advocates, Cryers of Courts, Splitters of Cauſes, Oyſter Wives, and Broom Men: —

Hold

Hold —— *Saturne* —— (nothing but this malevolent *Planet*) in the ſign *Virgo*, in conjunction with *Venus*, in her detriment: —Beware Women, of green Gowns; Great men, of Stone, and Collick, and Coſtermongers, of rotten Pippins:——Agen—— *Pars tortura*, coupled with the *Catabibaſon*, That is to ſay the Dragons Tayle:—— Huh—Huh—Children ſhall be ſubject to convulſion fits, young Wenches to the Falling Evil, and old Women to Cough out their Teeth:—— [*He makes a pauſe.*] But all this is no Money:——Many an honeſt man has but one Houſe, and maintains his Family very well; But I am ſuch an unlucky Rogue, the whole 12, will hardly pay my Rent;——Now a Pox take theſe Citizens, and then a Man may get ſome money by 'um; They are ſo hidebound, there's no living by 'um; So Clunchfiſted, a man would ſwear the Gout were got out of their feet, into their hands, 'tis death to 'um to pluck 'um out of their pockets:—— I am ſure my Bills bid as high as the proudeſt (They cure all *Diſeaſes*, and Reſolve all *Aſtrological Queſtions*) and yet they'll hardly quit coſt, for paſting 'um up:—Here dwells an *Aſtrological Phyſitian*, Reads one;——And there let him, till I trouble him, Anſwers another;—His Majeſties moſt excellent *Operator*, ſayes one—Yes—upon a Poſt quoth another: And thus you ſee, how an *Artiſt* is valu'd:—O Ignorance! Ignorance! Well may'ſt thou be the mother of Devotion, but I am ſure thou art the Stepdame of Art:——If it were not for the good Women with their Groats, and their Vinegar Bottles, and now and then a young Wench to enquire of her Sweetheart, I might ev'n hang my ſelf; Nay (which were worſe) my wife would cry her Trade were the better o' th' two.—But Huſht!—I hear ſome body coming——Ten to one but 'tis my young Squire, with his mercers Wife to have her Fortune read——I could with leſs trouble and more certainty have told her Husband's:—I hear 'um —— Huſht —— My Wife underſtood their meaning well enough, ſhe might have put 'um together without troubling me;—[*Enter Mrs. Mopus.*] Oh——is it you?——How goes all Cauſes?

M. M. But ill enough I'm ſure——I wonder what I'm the better for a Husband in you!——Here you ſit moping, and moping all day upon a Book, and at Night, you're as ſleepy as a gib'd Cat

Mo.

Mo. Oh ho: — I'm in thy debt, but thou ſhalt be paid it altogether: — Is it not better to receive 100 l. at one payment, than to dribble't out by ſhilling, and ſhilling?

M. M. But you'd be loth though, if your Wife had an occaſion, that ſhe ſhould borrow, though 'twere but ſixpence.

Mo. Thou ſayeſt right —— But I dare truſt thee further: Prithee go in, and look after the Houſe; we ſhall have ſome or other, come popping in preſently.

M. M. To mighty purpoſe —— 'Tis well you get ſo much: — Methinks Trading is grown extream dead: Time was, when your honeſt Citizen's Wives, and no ordinary Madams, and their Gallants, would come and be merry here; — But now —

Mo. A little patience good Wife; 't'as been a long Vexation, the Gentry are not come to Town yet; — and yet we have ſome doings too.

M. M. Yes —— A Company of Fribbles, enough to diſcredit any honeſt Houſe in the World: — No, I'd have you to know, I am for none of your Skip-Jacks; — No; — Give me your Perſons of Quality; ther's ſomewhat to be got by them — A Woman need not be aſham'd to ſit Jig by Joule, with the beſt of the Pariſh, and who dare ſay, Black is her eye?

Mo. Prithee be quiet — I expected a young Squire and his Miſtriſs; but I believe ſhe could not get out, her Huſband is ſo jealous of her.

M. M. Now out upon her — Could ſhe not have took another Woman out with her? He has been a good one himſelf (I warrant you) that ſhall offer to ſuſpect two Women together: —— Marry hang theſe jealous-headed Coxcombs, theſe Aſs-Cuckolds, that believe their Ears to be Horns; And ſuch have you been in your time too — That you have.

Mo. Well —— Well —— Go in —— All ſhall be mended —— Prithee in.

M. M. No indeed, I do n't intend it; I muſt have ſome money firſt: —— Do you think I can go alwayes in one Gown? — Pray do n't miſtake your ſelf: —— Beſides, I muſt buy the Child a new Coat; and Mr. *Scruple* expects I ſhould carry him ſomething for his pains amongſt us: —— Indeed Husband he is a precious, able man.

Mo. Yes——He is able——Able to ſpeak more with eaſe, than another man can hear with patience:——Away you fool.

M. M. Nay good Husband—— How do you think a Woman can love you, if you will not let her do as the reſt of her Neighbours?—I warrant you for them, not one of them miſt the meeting to day, and I hope you have found, that they are not the worſt Cuſtomers we have:——Marry come up here—— [*She ſtrikes the Book out of his hand*] 'Tis a fine thing that a Woman can have no money, but what ſhe muſt ask her Husband for, and then too, to have all this Clutter about it:—Give me ſome money, or I'll make my complaint to Mr. *Scruple.*

Mo. Be quiet, and thou ſhall't have any thing:——I muſt ev'n ſtop her mouth, to be rid of her—— [*This, and the next, aſide.*] If once ſhe ſet up her Clack, the Cataracts of *Nile*, are but ſtill Muſick to't:—Come, we'll in, and ſee what may be done. *Exeunt.*

ACT. I. SCE. 4.

Enter.

Runter, Tyro.

Ru. INdeed your father was my old acquaintance, and very good friend—Ah! How it tickles my Lungs, to think how many mad Frolicks we have had, at Robbing of Orchards, and ſtealing Pudding-pyes——I hope I may take it for granted, that you viſited the Univerſity;——Pray which of 'um? and what Colledge?

Ty. Gotam Colledge Sir, in the Univerſity of *Rumford.*

Ru. My Fellow Collegiate!—You and I muſt be acquainted;—Pray how goes the old difference between the Scholars, and the Townſmen? Is the breach ſo wide, that you believe it irreconcilable?

Ty. Indeed I cannot tell—But it is thought, 'twill hardly be compos'd, unleſs the Rams would forbear marrying.

Ru. The more's the pity;——A Graduate I hope Sir.

Ty. Yes Sir—A ſmall one—A Batchelor o'th' Law——I went out Batchelor, laſt Horſe-fair.

Ru. And I Doctor, in the Throng:——We muſt be better acquainted:—You're come up to ſtudy?

Ty.

Ty. Yes Sir —— My Mother would have it ſo.

Ru. Then let me adviſe you— Study both Laws, but chiefly, the Civil: —— You would not think what an advantage 'tis, to be a general man.

Ty. Sir, I ſhall follow your directions.

Ru. Then, when you come to practice; you muſt get you a good braſs Towel, and a ſteel Countenance; and ever carry in your green Bag, ſo much patience, as not to be diſcourag'd at any thing; for I am to tell you a great Truth, That our Profeſſion Rots at the wrong end, The young ones dye, and the old ones live, But how I pray? Even like Bawds, and Medlars, never Ripe, till Rotten; That is to ſay, ſeldom or never get money, till they are paſt the uſe of 't; And then (perhaps) what with a little favour, and a great deal of money, they may chance to arrive at laſt to the height of ſleeping out a Cauſe.

Ty. I thank you Sir, and I hope I ſhall be able to remember it.

Ru. Then you muſt ever be obſequious to great men; not that you expect any good from 'um, but (as the *Chineſes* worſhip the Devil) that they do you no hurt: —— Then, be ſure to keep your Chamber, it will keep you; I kept mine many a long year, and nothing came; But at laſt (Thanks to my Stars, and theſe good Times) it came to the purpoſe.

Ty. Yes Sir, I know this to be true, for my Mother would be continually preaching this Leſſon to my Father.

Ru. Then you muſt never examine your Cauſe, whither it be good, or bad; If it be good and of no great concernment, it will carry it ſelf; If bad, there's your Maſter-piece, to help it out; Every Fool can manage a good Cauſe, but He's your Man, can ſet the Noſe to which ſide he pleaſes, and make ſomething, out of nothing.

Ty. I hope I ſhall have the grace to put it in practice; and wiſh, my Father were alive to thank you.

Ru. Then if at any time, you find you have the worſt end of the ſtaffe; Leave your Cauſe, and fall upon the perſon of your Adverſary; Put it out boldly, and enough of 't, and ſomewhat muſt ſtick; No matter how true, or falſe, it begets a prejudice to the perſon, and many times forjudges the Cauſe: —— For example now, to give

you an instance in a Gentleman, a friend of mine, a great Master of this way of pleading: — A Gentleman with a long comely beard, demurrs to his Clients Bill; My friend, takes him at first hop, and demurrs to his beard; calls it a Vow-beard, and that he had made an Oath not to cut it till the King came in; And heark you, had he had Twenty Arguments, he might have better spar'd the other Nineteen, than that One: ——— I could tell you of as good a one of my own, and upon as great a Person as any this day in *Europe* — (Ah! how I firk't him up, with —— a Chip of the old Block, and Twenty as good ——) But enough of this now —— The thing is sufficiently known, and it ill becomes a man to set out his own Vertues; —— But try this, and do it boldly, and never doubt of Clients: —— A modest Lawyer! — A silent Woman! — A Paradox in Nature.

Ty. I can but thank you still Sir.

Ra. I had almost forgot one thing, and no way inferiour to any of the rest: —— If you find any Commotion in the State, be sure to strike in with the first; If you get nothing — *Cantabit vacuus* —— You'll pass in the Crowd; If you do, you'll have money enough to purchase your pardon, and perhaps too, get in to be some great mans Advocate: — Chew the Cud upon this for the present, and as I find you growing up to't, I shall instruct you farther. *Exeunt.*

ACT. I. SCE. 5.

Enter

Whitebroth (Coughing) Mrs. Whitebroth, Beatrice, Cis, Timothy, laden with Books.

wh. I Do profess, this Mr. *Scruple* is a singular man.

M. *W.* I indeed is he: —— I never edify'd under any man like him: —— But how d'you my Lamb? how d' you?

Tim. A vengeance over grown one; — I have seen many a Ram in my time, has not been so big by the head and the horns. [*Aside — Whitebroth Coughs all the while.*]

Bea. How do you Sir? —— You don't look well.

Wh. Nothing but a Cold my Child —— nothing but a Cold: I hope

I hope 'twill away again:—— [*He Coughs again*]

M. *W. Cis*—*Cis*—A ſtick of Licoras *Cis*. [*Enter D. D. and his wife.*]

Cis. I have ſome Candid Ginger forſooth.

M. *W*. Here Chick — prithee bite a bit of 't—'tis the moſt ſoveraign thing (next a Pepper-poſſet) as can be.

D. D. Save your good Worſhip—It fell in an ill time——I am afraid it may beget an obſtruction of juſtice, by hindring your Worſhips, ſitting on the Bench.

Wh. How d' you Neighbours both? How d' you?——you're welcome,—— [*Coughs*] ——I am afraid I ſate a little too long in the cold—— [*Again*] Come Neighbour *Diligence*, you and I'll walk in, and leave the Women to entertain Mr. *Scruple*.

D. D. I wait upon your Worſhip. *Exeunt Wh. D. D.*

M. *W. Timothy*.

Tim. Madam.

M. *W*. Quickly good *Timothy*, quickly—Run in, and get the Towels ready:—After good *Cis*, after him; and ſee they be through warm:—— *Exeunt Tim, Cis. Enter Scruple.*

Oh Mr. *Scruple*, Mr. *Scruple*!—Alas good man how he ſweats!—*Tim. Tim. Tim.*—A Towel *Tim*, a Towel——quick—quick—quick. *Enter Tim.*

Tim. Here forſooth.

M. *D*. Now bleſſing o' your heart good Mr. *Scruple*, you have taken a great deal of pains to day.

Tim. Or his Lungs have, which is all one. [*Aſide*]

M. *W*. Truly, and indeed, a great Pains-taker:— [*They pull him down into a low Chair, and rub him*] Come Mr. *Scruple*—You have ſtood long to day—Pray ſit down——We muſt Rule you here—Will you have a Caudle Sir?—Alas poor man! How wet the Coller of his Shirt is?—Feel *Diligence*—I prithee feel.

M. *D*. Now beſhrew me, but 't'as work't quite through his Doublet, Coat, Cloak and all.

Sc. Hum—I am refreſhed——yea in good ſooth I am.

M. *W*. Will you have a Lemmon Poſſet Sir?

Sc. I fear me it is too cold.

M. *W*. Will you go to bed Sir?——Or have a freſh Shirt?——How do you Sir? Tim,.

Tim. Troth very ill, upon a Text. [*Aside.*]

Sc. I am well enough —— only a qualm —— a qualm.

M. *W.* What ſay you to your Coller of S'. S. then?

Sc. That would not be amiſs ——— There's no falſe Latine in't.

M. *W.* Quickly *Tim*, quickly: —A Pint of Sack, a Quart of Sider, and a handful, or two, of Sugar, and put 'um into the great Bowle —— Run *Timothy* Run: ——— Dear Child, do thou help him.

Tim. Call you me this, his Collar of S'. S? —— [*Aside.*] —— You ſhall have it preſently. *Exeunt Tim. and Bea.*

M. *D.* I am afraid you are not well Sir.

Sc. Yes —— I am ſo, ſo: —— You would not think how't has recover'd me, one would hardly believe, what a rejoycing to my ſpirit it is, to ſee you thus eager, and, as it were, hungry for your food: --Ah-Be the ſame ſtill--you cannot lay out your ſelves, nor I my ſelf forth enough, in theſe wayes — Pray mark it; —— We cannot lay out our ſelves forth enough one to another: —— Theſe often Duties put us into a ſpiritual poſture of War — Ah —— It is beſt fighting together — Ah — What a precious thing it is, when we are both concern'd together, and — Ah — Ah — as a man may ſay, wrap't up in one Common Cauſe and Intereſt: —— Ah — Good ſiſterly women, conſider it, and lay it upon your hearts. [*The women answer him in a long drawn ſigh* —— Hui ——] But how does Mr. *Alderman*? Me thought I heard him Cough ere while: — How does he?

M. *W.* Now indeed, I think he ſate a little too long in the cold: —— He has gotten a heavy Cough of 't

Sc. To ſee the frailty of mans Nature! —— How weary of every thing that is good? How irkſom it is unto us! —— I dare undertake, he ſhould have ſate at a lewd Stage-play, a whole Afternoon: —— Nay, with his hat off too — and —— Ah —— been nev'r the worſe.

M *W.* But are theſe Stage-playes, ſuch lewd things as you make them?

c. Why truly you are my boſome-ſiſters —— And I may ſpeak Truth to you; —— Nay —— They are not —— For you will find good moral things in them, As Vice depreſt, Vertue encourag'd, and the

the like; However, we have thought it fit, to rail at 'um, for fear the people ſhould ſet their hearts upon 'um, and conſequently, undo us: —— I have often Lectur'd at 'um, in a morning, and yet in the afternoon, ſtol'n behind a Pillar, to hear 'um. —— *Enter Tim.* —But ſee, here comes *Timothy*: — [*He ſtarts.*] —— Avant —— This Bowle is ſcandalous, —It looketh like a Waſhail: [*Timothy offers to go out.*] —— Nay hold *Timothy* —— Though the Bowle be ſcandalous, tis pitty the good creature ſhould be ſpoil'd: — Pray, next time let me have the great Tankard, I am of opinion too, it holds ſomewhat more: — [*He drinks.*] The *Caſuiſts*, ſpeak comfortably in this point —— A man may eat, and drink abundantly, without any neceſſity, but meerly for his pleaſure; Nay, he may, *uſque ad vomitum ingurgitare*, provided alwayes, he do not prejudice his health thereby; Becauſe it is allowable in the natural appetite, to be taken up with thoſe actions, that are proper thereunto: —— We muſt deny our ſelves, we may not deny the creature —— Pray obſerve it —— I ſay, we may not deny the creature it being given us, nor for our ſuſtentation only, but contentation alſo —— *Timothy* —— Prithee once more good *Timothy*.

Tim. Here Sir. [*Sc. drinks again.*]

M. *W.* Now much good may it do your heart good Mr. *Scruple*.

M. *D.* Indeed he deſerves a good thing, he makes ſo much of it, when he has it.

Sc. This is napping Geer and well encourag'd: —— But pray no more of this Bowle — Pray no more of 't: —— For this time, it may paſs: —Now truſt me, it has ſuch a pleaſant farewell, it invites a man to drink often of it: — *Timothy* —

Tim. Here Sir. [*Sc. drinks again*]

Sc. I do aſſure ye, ſpecial ſtuffe, and too good for the wicked; it may ſtrengthen them in their Enormities: —But come – Let's go viſit Mr. *Alderman*: — *Timothy* —— Is all out?

Tim. Yes Sir —— Not a drop left.

Sc. Then pray ſpeak to *Ruth*, to dreſs up the great Tankard, and bring it into Mr. *Alderman*'s Chamber.

Tim. It ſhall be done Sir. *Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT. II. SCE. I.

Enter

Timothy Solus.

Tim. HUh! He grows worſe, and worſe: —I have been with the Doctor, and He'll be here preſently: —— Precious Mr. *Scruple* is departed, but ſo like a Dog out-law'd, that unleſs the Devil owes me a miſchief, I may be troubled with a mourning Cloak; — I am ſure I have deſerv'd it: — I am the general Officer of this houſe; Like my Miſtreſſes Silver-ſack-poſſet-baſon; Screw a handle to't, and 'tis her Bed-pan; put a cover to that, her Warming-pan; Take off both, it ſerves to waſh her hands in the morning and for a Sack-poſſet, at Supper: —In the Stable I am Groom; In the Garden, Gardner; At Market, Caterer; In the Cellar, Butler; upon all Viſits, her Gentleman-uſher; And above Stairs, his *Valet de Chambre.* [*Enter Mopus.*] Oh! my noble Doctor —— you are a man of your word.

Mo. How does your Maſter?

Tim. Alack Sir! I thought you could have told that by the Stars; —— I have heard ſay, That learned men know every thing.

Mo. Yes —I could have erected a Scheme— But I thought it unneceſſary: ——How does he take his reſt?

Tim. But ill; and complains of heats, and Gripings.

Mo. I'll ſet him right again —unleſs the Stars ——

Tim. What good Sir?

Mo. Have predecreed the contrary —— And if ſo — We muſt ſubmit? Will you let your Miſtreſs know I am here?

Tim. I ſhall Sir. *Exit Tim.*

Mo. So —— Ther's half the diſeaſe; I ſhall eaſily pick the reſt, out of the good woman: —— If all things hit right, this *Alderman* may prove a good milch Cow: — [*Enter Mrs. Whitebroth.*] Madam! your humble Servant: —

M. *W.* You're welcome Sir —Nay, what did you mean? [*She does this to make* Mo. *put on his Hat.*] — Pray Sir — Indeed ther's

ther's no body expects it ; —Pray be pleas'd—I can assure you no ; —In truth I do not—Pray Sir. —

Mo. O —your servant. —Have you sav'd the *Alderman*'s water, as I order'd ? *Enter Cis, and Tim.*

M. *W.* Yes Sir :—*Cis, Cis* ; Thy Masters state.

Cis, O *Tim, Tim,* 'twas in the Silver Tankard, and the Cat overthrew it. [*This and the next, to be spoke aside.*]

Tim. There stands some dead Ale upon the Table, put that i' the Urinal;—He'll tell as much by one, as t'other. *Exeunt Tim. and Cis.*

Mo. A most fortunate face : —— I never met with more lucky lines : —— You'll live, to bury the Alderman —— and —— shall marry —— let me see ; —— a Lord.

M. *Wh.* Indeed Sir ? —— I believe you can tell.

Mo. Nay. I am certain of it : —— Hereafter I may chance to tell you his name ; —But for the present be sure he is a Vicount, at least.

M. Wh. This —— [*She gives him money.*] and my thanks. A Vicountess ! — I'll promise you, I'll take it no longer as I have done. *Enter Cis with an Urinal.*

Mo. Oh —— let me see't —— High-colour'd —— His blood's enflam'd : —— Feavourish —— Feavourish. [*At every stop, he shakes the Urinal.*]

M. wh. Indeed Sir he burns like fire.

Mo. Sick — sick —— sick —— He cannot rest.

M. Wh. I indeed ; —— you are as right —

Mo. Sometimes up, and sometimes down.

M. Wh. Truly he has not been out of his Bed, since he first took his Cold, till just now.

Mo, Huh —— a Cold : —— [*Aside.*] — Pains in his limbs ; Coughing and now and then, wind ; — This froth, and feather in the water, is a certain token.

M. wh. Now bless me Sir ! — How is't possible you should hit things so right ?

Mo. How do you hit your mouth in the dark ? — One's as easie as tother : — That is to say ; to a man of Art ; —I could tell you a Thousand things — But time is precious with me : —— May I not see the *Alderman* ?

M. *Wh.* O by all means ; — I hear him coming : — *Ent. Whit.*

O my Dear —— Her's a Gentleman has told me all your diſtemper, as right —— *Whit. Coughs.*

Wh. And what does he think of it?

Mo. Pray bend your wriſt Sir. —— [*He feels his pulſe.*] All will do well again: —A Purge and a Vomit —A Purge, and a Vomit ——Gi' me a Pen, and Ink: — *He writes.*

M. *Wh.* Would not ſome *Parma-City* do him good? Truly I would be loth he ſhould want any thing.

Mo. You do well: —Let me ſee —What ſayes the Colledge? —*Sperma Cæti, Confectio quædam* — Pox on't —I have forgot the reſt: *Sperma Cæti*! — *Sperma Cocks-Comb* ——They're a Company of quacking Fools; ——'Tis *Parmacitty*, and takes its name, from the City of *Parma*: Hang this foiſting: —— I'll truſt ne're a Doctor of them all: —— [*He tears the paper.*] Have a little patience Madam, and I'l ſend you a preparation of my own: —— In the mean time your ſervant: —— I am ſtaid for at preſent. *Exit.*

M. *Wh.* Farewell good Doctor: —Come my heart—reſt thy ſelf within. *Exeunt Wh. Coughing.*

ACT. II. SCE. 2.

Enter

Jolly, Afterwitt.

Jol. AND howd' you like her now? —

Aft. Could I like Heav'n,
If I were there? —'Prithee forbear theſe Queſtions.

Jol. And much good may ſhe do thee: — Thou ſha't have her; I've laid the Plot, and I am ſure 'twill take.

Aft. As how my *Jolly*?

Jol. Not ſo haſty: —— I have an odd humor in my pocket will ſtrike fair to it, *He pulls out a printed Bill.*

Aft. What's here? A printed Bill? —Prithee lets hear 't.

Jol. In the Name of God, Through the light of the Son, By the Revelation of the Spirit, I cure theſe Diſeaſes, perfectly, and ſpeedily, without any annoyance to the body, which commonly hap-

pens through Colledge Bills, and Apothecaries Medicines, with which, the Devil has deceiv'd the World, theſe many Hundreds of Years.

The new Diſeaſe (otherwiſe call'd tht Great POX) with all its Appendices, in few dayes; with Herbs which I gather in the Woods, and Gums of Trees. —Agues of all ſorts, in three fits: —— Gout, whither-knotted, or running, in four or five dreſſings: —— Dropſie —— Timpany —— Rickets —— Spleen —— Convulſion —— Yellow, and black Jaundies —— Stone —— Strangury —— and Chollick, in ſix hours: —— All kinds of Fluxes; —— Moſt diſtempers of the head —— Shortneſs of breath, and Ptiſick, at firſt ſight: —— And have ever by me a moſt approv'd Remedy, againſt Green-ſickneſs —— Barrenneſs —— And fits of the Mother.

Aſt. 'Twas fairly vied: —— Who bids more?

Fol. He comes again —— As alſo (To let the World ſee, how wide of their mark, they are like to run, That as boldly, as ignorantly, dare adventure on Phyſick, without the knowledge of Aſtrology) I reſolve, theſe enſuing Aſtrological Queſtions.

—— The ſick, whither they ſhall recover, or not: —— The party abſent, whither living or dead —— How many Husbands, or Children, a Woman ſhall have: —— Whither one ſhall marry the party deſir'd or whom elſe: —— Whither a Woman has her Maiden-head or not —— Or ſhall be honeſt after Marriage —— Or her portion well paid: —— If a man be wiſe or a fool; —— Whither it be good to put on new Cloaths: —— If Dreams, be for good, or evil; —— Whither a Child be the reputed fathers; or ſhall be fortunate, or not: —— Ships at Sea, whither ſafe, or not: —— Of Law-ſuits, which ſide ſhall have the better: —— And generally all Aſtrological Queſtions whatever.

Iátros Iátrophilus Mopus,

A Servant of God, and Secretary of Nature.

Aſt. Hah Boyes! —— If this wo' n't take 'um, The Devil take 'um: —— But what are thoſe hard words?

Fol. Oh —— A Phyſitian, a friend to Phyſitians: —— The only true thing in all his Bill; —— Theſe Quacks, are the beſt friends Phyſitians have, they make work for 'um: What doſt' think is come into my head?

Aſt. How is it poſſible I ſhould know? —— I am no *Oedipus*.

Fol. Why —— This Fellow muſt be a Cheat, and I am confident, with a little help, would be able to do your buſineſs: —— Prithee lets to him: —— [*Enter Bea and Cis.*] But ſee! —— your Miſtreſs; —— To her: ——

Aſt. This is ſuch fortune, I forgive my ſtars
All their unkindneſs.

Bea. Is this natural? Or do you carry ſet-forms about you, to be us'd as occaſion ſhall ſerve?

Aſt. Faith neither —— So much Excellence, muſts needs inform a Statue, and make a very Poſt Rhetorical.

Bea. Demonſtrations? —— Why how now Mr. *Afterwit*?

Aſt. Juſt as you ſee: —— How d' you like him?

Fol. Well ſaid: —— To her again: —— If I can make no ſport, I'll marr none: —— How now *Cis*?

Cis. The better for your asking, I thank you Sir.

Fol. Hark you: —— A word: —— [*Fol. and Cis, walk aſide.*]

Aſt. So fair and ſo unkind! —— Sure Nature dotes,
She twiſts ſuch contradictions, or what's worſe,
Has loſt her wits, and would have all, like her.

Bea. Whence this new fury? ——

Aſt. Can you read your ſelf,
And ask that queſtion? Were you made thus lovely,
To make me miſerable? —— Would you had leſs
Divinity or more Humanity.

Bea. Then you're in Love it ſeems? Or at leaſt would
Make me believe it: —— Don't I know, you Men
Speak any thing? —— Women are fools, and can't
For ſhame but credit it: ——

Aſt. You wrong my Truth:
By all that's good. ——

Bea. No more: —— Admitting yet,
What I can ſcarce believe; —— Why muſt you crop
That flower, which as it grows, may peradventure
Look fair, and Lovely, but once gather'd, withers?
Give me a Love refin'd; A Love, that flames
Upon it ſelf, not fed with groſſer fuel;
A Love that loves the Vertue, not the Sex.

Aſt.

Aſt. And ſuch is mine: —— But fancy not this new
Philoſophy of immaterial flames?
Hearts, may meet Hearts, and Souls, piquere with Souls;
But if they come no nearer than the Eyes,
For want of matter to maintain 'um, dye.

Bea. Be judge your ſelf: —Who but the needy pray?
Once fill your belly, yo've no more to ſay,

Aſt. Yes —— to give thanks, and ruminate upon
Thoſe bleſſings, which grow faſter, than we reap 'um:
Come, come, be wiſe and trifle not away
That youth, would make an Emperor too happy;
All ſeek their like; And like the needle, tremble,
And never ſettle, till it reach that North:
I'd rather be an Owle, than Phœnix,
If I muſt live alone: ——

Bea. Theſe Morals Sir,
Might have been better ſpent; But ſince you'l needs
Make me believe you love me—Court my father;
For, notwithſtanding the Reſpect I bear you
I muſt declare I have neither eyes, nor ears,
To any thing, but what he ſhall direct.

Fol. You need ſay no more: —— Mind what I told you, and leave the reſt to me. [*He ſpeaks this to Cis.*] What? have you done yet? —— A good Souldier now, would have carry'd the Town, with half this do: — Ha' done your Grace for ſhame, and fall to your meat.

Aſt. Sure my father went to Heaven, I am ſo unfortunate; — Well; be it as 'twill, I love you; and were I to ſpeak ſeven year, I could but ſay the ſame thing. —— Come — I'll wait on you

Exeunt.

ACT.

ACT. II. SCE. 3.

Enter

Scruple, *Mrs. Whitebroth.*

Sc. I Cant't away with it; —— unfeignedly, I cannot. —— A man may profeſs; it is lawful —— Yea, aſſuredly it is; And therefore I ſay, I profeſs, If any of my flock, ſhall ſo much as ſtraggle into his paſtures, I ſay, I profeſs, Iſhall not only turn them out of my fold, for rotten ſheep, but they ſhall for ever be to me, as Publicans; That is to ſay, As the Learned have moſt ingeniouſly obſerv'd; *Publicanus, quaſi, publicus canis.*

M. *W.* Why good Mr. *ſcruple* — A member ſhould not be cut off for one failing.

Sc, Good me no goods, Good Mrs. *whitebroth?* —— I tell thee here (ſiſter of mine) it is a wilful failing; —— A very wilful failing

M. *W.* For why I pray? ——— The man is learned: — I am ſure he told me all my Husband's diſtemper, before he ſo much as ſaw him.

Sc, Told ye! —— I ther's the point —— And I muſt tell you too, he muſt needs uſe ſome unlawful means.

M. *W.* Alas —— It cannot be: — His Wife (good woman) is one of us; And do you think, if he were ſuch, he would ever ſuffer it?

Sc. Why ther's the blind: —— The Woman is, a good ſiſterlie woman, and an often frequenter; which, he allows of, only to deceive the World, as if he were — ! Well —— well —— Mark what I ſay —If he has not made ſome ſecret, expreſs contract, with Satan, I'll be your Teacher no longer; ——— If you had ever read Doctor *Fauſtus*, this would not be ſo ſtrange to you.

M. *W.* Now goodneſs defend it!

Sc. Come, come, —— 'Tis great pity, it is not look't into: — I dare undertake had this Fellow ſet up in *Spain*, he had been in the Inquiſition long ere this —But we; The more light we have, the leſs we ſee; —We are wilfully, ſtiff-neckedly blind; Indeed we are.

M. *w*

M. *W.* Be not too raſh:— Many a good Body's wrong'd, or many of our Brethren, and Siſters, are not what they ſhould be.

Sc. Yes —— That was alwayes the malice of the Devil, and his inſtruments; —— But this Fellow, is a profeſt Reprobate; —— I have read his Bills, and ſpoken with ſeveral, that have been with him, And they tell me, he has a Globe, ever ſtanding upon his Table, and never anſwers any queſtion propos'd, without firſt turning that; — And why may not the Devil be in that Globe, as well as in the Pummel of *Paracelſus*'s Sword; and Dr. *Dee*'s Chryſtal? ——— D'you mark me that Gentlewoman? —— Anſwer me that.

M. *w.* Nay, pray Mr. *Scruple* —— I muſt go: —— All that he told me was without his Globe: —I mean no hurt.

Sc. That may be ſomething in the caſe: —Let me ſee —what ſay the *Caſuiſts*? ——If any thing help you it muſt be the intention; And that, we are forc'd to make uſe of in many caſes; eſpecially, ſuch as we cannot hinder, and correct the viciouſneſs of the means, by the purity of the end: —— For example now — If a Woman, great with Child, long for another man, beſides her Huſband, and this Husband will not give conſent; In this caſe we ſay, (and ſo we generally agree) that ſhe may follow her natural inclination; Provided alwayes, ſhe have no intention of ſin, but only to ſatisfie her longing; — For, *Actus, non facit reum, niſi mens ſit rea*: —

M. *W.* Now bleſſing on you good Sir —— I alwayes thought ſo.

Sc. In like manner —— If a Young Woman, of a godly parentage do fall into a holy Fornication (not out of Luſt, but Love) and thereupon prove with Child; In ſuch caſe we ſay, That it may be lawful to procure Abortion, provided alwayes, it be not done, with an intention of Murder, but only to ſave Life, or Reputation: —— Nay further, leſt the Profeſſion ſhould be ſcandal'd by it, we hold it better to truſt Providence, by forſwearing the Fact, than to fall into the hands of men, by confeſſing the infirmity of the fleſh: — And in this (as many other things) we agree with ſome Gentlemen abroad; And truly, where we do differ, the difference between us, is ſo fine and nice, we can hardly perceive it our ſelves: —There is (as the School-men term it) an *Identificadunity* of Principles, common to us both. —— They have their private ſhrifts; ſo we: — They call it a venial ſin with a ſiſter, and in caſe of neceſſity

neceſſity can forgive a Neighbours Wife, ſo we: —— They allow regulating by Tumults, ſo we: —— And laſtly, They deny all this in plain words, but grant it in effects, ſo we.

M. *W.* But what's this to me? —May not I go? —Good Mr. *Scruple*

Sc. If your intention be right, you may: —— However, for fear of the worſt, I will go with you; I ſhould be loth to looſe one of the beſt ſheep in my flock, for want of a little care: —— Come Mrs. *Whitebroth*, I did not think to have done ſo much; —But you have ſuch a winning way with you — ſuch a power upon me, I can deny you nothing —Indeed I cannot: —— Come —— We muſt now and then comply with one anothers weakneſs. *He leads her off.*

M. *W.* 'Tis a good hearing Sir: —— I thank you. *Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCE. 4.

Enter

Bilboe, leading Mrs. Double Diligence;
Titere Tu, leading Mrs. Mopus.

Bil. COme Gipſie;—How came you to light on this Houſe?—'Tis a rare convenience.

M. *D.* Oh! ſhe's our Midwife.

T. T. And faith, they are good neceſſary things; and generally tractable, before they grow rich.

M. M. How do you know? —— I never met you here before.

T. T. Time enough now.

M. *D.* But pray Major, is this Gentleman marry'd

Bil. Hang him Rogue; —— Every mans Boots ſerve his turn.

T. T. And better ſo than going bare-foot: ——I am not marry'd (ſweet Lady) but a Lover ſtill.

M. *D.* A pretty Gentleman.

M. M. He was, you would have ſaid, had you known him, when I knew him firſt: — But now —

T. T. As good as ever my Girle: —— Dear *Mopus!* [*He buggs her.*]

M. *M.*

M. *M.* Away Captain: —— You do ſo mouſle one

Bil. Nay, have a care of him — I ſay no more.

M. *M.* Marry —— I hope you are not in earneſt.

T. T. And thou haſt no more wit, than to believe him! As ſound as a Bell wench —— As ſound as a Bell. *He Capers.*

M. *M.* Indeed Captain, I hope the beſt: —— But ſure there's ſomewhat in't, he does not fine up himſelf, as he was wont.

T. T. I ſeldom regard faſhions — Any thing ſerves me; — *Drape de Berry* in the Summer, keeps out the heat; and Stuff in the Winter lets it in: — I muſt confeſs, I have three or four as rich Suits, for Flanders Lace, Gimp, and embroydery, as any in the Town.

M. *M.* But where are they good Captain? Where are they?

T. T. Why faith, I have had 'um all in my head this Twelvemonth, but could never yet get one of 'um upon my back.

M. *M.* Troth Captain, 'twould not be amiſs at this time, if you open'd your head, and took one of 'um out.

T. T. The Jade's too hard for me: — Heark you: — [*He picks her pocket.*]

M. *M.* O good Captain —— It muſt buy the Child a new Coat.

T. T. Hang him Brat; — One of thy old Petticoats will ſerve: —— Beſtow money upon Puppy-Dogs!

M. *M.* You alwayes ſerve me thus: — Pray Captain — Give me ſome of't again. [*He leads her aſide, and whiſpers.*]

T. T. Not a Croſs by this good light; ——— D' you hear me?

Bil. And muſt the Major have no Hatchments? ——— 'Prithee disburſe, disburſe; —— Dear Landlady: —— [*He huggs her*]

M. *D.* Indeed I have no money: —— One would think your Meat, Drink, Lodging, Waſhing, and Wringing, were worth ſomewhat.

Bil. Iriſh Beef, By this good *Tilbury* —— Nothing but Sheeps Heads and Iriſh Beef.

M. *D.* 'Tis but too good for you, unleſs you were more thankful — Many an honeſt Gentleman would be glad of your Orts.

Bil. Prithee — My beſt Landlady: —— Let the ſmall Gem, or the ſuperfluous Petticoat march.

M. *D.* I will not always endure this; —— For once —— But ſhall we be merry then? [*She plucks out a piece wrapt up.*]

Bil. As merry as thou wilt my Joe: —— Hang pinching, we'll never pine our ſelves, though our Heirs ſmart for't.

M. *D.* Here Major —— Here's an old *Elizabeth*; has not ſeen light theſe ſeven years.

Bil. And ev'n let her go —— She has been Priſ'ner long enough of all conſcience: —— Come Captain, let's be merry.

T. T. By this hand 'tis true; —— [*Speaking to Mrs. Mopus*] I love thee above all fleſh alive: —— Fear nothing —— All's well, and as right as my leg.

Bil. And that's crooked to my knowledge.

M. *M.* Nay good Sir; —— You do but jeſt?

T. T. Hang him —— Hang him —— I have ſaid enough — And now I m for you: —— *Be true Cockolds; Be true, Be true,* &c. [*He ſings*]

M. M. Hoop Holyday! —— That's old.

T. T. You are for new faces too! —— Pray Major, Will you oblige this Lady?

Bil. Who I? —— With all my heart — But I've got ſo ſtrange a Cold, and drunk ſo much French Wine of late, that (by this old Companion of my ſide) 'twill be but once remov'd from howling.

M *D.* However — Pray venture — I never knew a good voice, without an excuſe: —— Pray try.

Bil, My Landlady might command me any thing — But I'm ſo out of Tune — *Ta — La. La. La.* — Hang't.

T. T. Let him alone, and you won't be rid of him —— He's like the blind Beggers of *Bolonia*, a man muſt give 'um a Half-penny to ſing, and Two-pence to hold their tongues.

BILBOE SINGS.

1 *Come give me the Wench that is mellow;*
And a Pox take all Fools that are yellow:
'Tis the Horne, the Horne,
The advancing of the Horne,
Dubbs a Cockold, an Aldermans Fellow.

2. *Let no man diſorder his reſt,*
By believing Bulls feathers in's Creſt;
When yo've ſaid what you can
A Cuckold, is a man,
Or moſt of our Fathers were Beaſts.

3. *Then let us ſing At it, and At it;*
And let ev'ry one catch, that than catch it:
All Opinions agree,
In one of theſe Three
The Horn, the Pot, or the Plaquet.

Bil. La' you now——Did not I tell you as much? —I'll have my Pipes clear'd, againſt we meet next-

M. *D.* But when ſhall that be?

Bil. When you will, provided it be for all Night, and out of Town.

M. *D.* That's impoſſible.

Fol. Not at all —— You may leave word, you are gone to a Womans Labour.

M. D. Hah! Hah! —— But her Husband ——

Bil. What?

M. *D.* —Will diſcover the contrary.

M. *M.* Puh —— Puh!——Never let that trouble you: ——; His knowledge, does not lie that way: —You know Captain, I have ſlipt a man into his Tables ere now, and he not a farthing the wiſer.

T. T. I that thou haſt, I'll be ſworn.

Bil. Come, come, let's in, and diſcourſe it further:—A Bottle and a Fiddle; and then, Good Night.

T. T. A match, a match: —— Lead up before Major.

Exeunt.

ACT. II. SCE. 5.

Enter

Runter, Tyro,

Ru. WHat think you of it? —— She is a handſome Gentlewoman, and her Fathers Heir.

Ty. Think, do you ſay? —— I'll promiſe you my ſtomack wambles at her already.

Ru. Leave it to me: —— I will not do with you, as I do with my Clerk, Snip half-profits —But you know Sir—Somewhat ought to be done —*Danda eſt offa.*

Ty. Whatever you pleaſe Sir: —— If this take, I will down into the Countrey, get me an able Clerk, and turn Juſtice of peace.

Ru. And ſo you may: ——— The Alderman is gone to take the Aire, and ten to but one he makes this way homeward; I did once at diſtance, propoſe ſuch a thing, and now I perceive you reliſh it, I'll preſent you to him: —— But to paſs the time till he comes —— You ſay you are a Batchelor of Law; I'll try your wit: — I have a Caſe here, refer'd to me pray obſerve it, and give me your opinion in't;—I take it, it runs through the whole 24 Letters:—Theſe common Lawyers are our younger Brothers, but they have given us the ſtart; they never let any thing come to us, but what they can make nothing of themſelves.

Ty. Pray Sir let me hear it.

Ru. You ſhall —'Tis thus. [*He reads.*] *Abigal*, a feme ſole, ſeis'd in tail, of the Mannor of *Blackacre*, makes a Feoffment in Fee to *Cuthbeard*, upon condition, that if *Daniel*, ſhall releaſe *Emmanuel*, of, and from all actions relating to *Ferdinand*, that then *Gregory*, ſhall ſatisfie *Humphrey*, of, and for all marriage portions intended by *Jeromy*, to be given *Knipperdoling*, with his Wifes Daughter *Lettice*; which, *Maximilian* perceiving, and believing that *Nicholas*, had a more than ordinary influence upon *Oliver*, procures *Peter*, to diſcharge *Quintilian*, and engage *Rowland*, to eſtate his Wife *Suſan*, in the capital Meſſuage of *Youngwell* (with a certain Salt-marſh, and Underwoods thereunto belonging) and ſtop his daughter *Urſelas* mouth, with

with a wind-mill, and a Water-mill, left her, by her Mother; whereupon *Winifred*, having lately recover'd in a præcontract, againſt *Xenophon*, makes a Leaſe to *Younger*, who releaſes to *Zachary*, who enters upon *Abigal*, who re-enters upon him, and ejecting him out of the Premiſſes, burns his principal Evidences. —And now Sir, What think you? — Where has this man his Remedy?

Ty. I ſhould think Sir, he were gone at common Law.

Rn. You are alwayes hankering after the common Law; —— How ſhall we hedge in the Juriſdiction of 't?

Ty. Indeed I cannot tell — But they ſay, here is a Learned Aſtrologer, that undertakes to tell ſuch things by the Stars; perhaps it might not be amiſs to conſult him.

Rn. Hearк you —— I dare truſt you: —— He knows no more of Law, than you, or I do: — Now by my Troth, but it is a difficult Caſe; and I have given my opinion in't, both wayes — The Devil is in't, if one of 'um be n't right: — But, as I told you, the Alderman: — [*Enter Whitebroth, and Double Diligence.*] His Conſtable, and he, are a little private, about ſome Affairs of the Peace; They'll have done preſently.

Wh. How do you ſay it was?

D. D. Why thus an't pleaſe you: —— I had (according to the duty of my office! juſt walk't my Round. when loe! About the firſt of the morning, we perceived a kind of glimmering, as of *Guido Faux*'s Lanthorn; And we ſaid unto it —— Stand ——. And what art thou? And what meaneth that light, at this unſeaſonable hour of the Night? when preſently a voyce anſwered — Nay, But what are ye? And we ſaid — The Watch; And to our ſeeming, it ſaid again — Harm watch, harm catch — And there fell a ſhowre, as it had been of Chamber-pots, and we were moſt lewdly bepiſt, and ſome Pates broken.

Wh. A plain caſe — The King's Majeſties Authority affronted, in the repreſentative perſon, of my Neighbour *Double Diligence*, the Conſtable: — Bring 'um before me, I'll make 'um know, what's what.

D. D. Will it pleaſe your Worſhip to grant me your Warrant? I had one from Miſtreſſes Worſhip, during your ſickneſs, but could make no body obey it.

Wh. How? —— Not obey her Warrant? — I'd have 'um to know,

know, ſhe is (in my abſence) as good a Juſtice of Peace, as my ſelf; Are not Man and Wife, one perſon in Law? — Not obey her Warrant! —— Let me ſee who dares deny't! —— Come Neighbour, come —— I ſmell a Rat; —— What would you ſay now, if this ſhould prove to be a Bull from the Pope? —— I ſay no more: [*Ru. and Ty. come up.*]

Ru. Save you Mr. *Alderman*! — I am glad to ſee you ſo well abroad again.

Wh. Doctor *Runter*! My loving Friend, and Neighbour — Well met.

Ru. This is the Gentleman Sir, I told you of: —— He is a thriving young man, and you may do what you will with him.

Wh. I ſhall be glad to be acquainted with you Sir.

Ty. I hope the Doctor will oblige me in't.

wh. Methinks the Aire is ſomewhat ſharp: — Come Doctor, Take your friend with you. *Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCE. I.

Enter

Jolly, *Afterwitt*, *Boy*.

Boy. BE pleaſed Gentlemen, to take a turn or two in this Room; —My father is a little private at preſent, with a perſon of Honour; but will be with you preſently. *Exit.*

Fol. Where are we now? — Nor better, nor worſe, but a downright Aſtrological Bawdy-houſe: — The Devil of any thing could I ſee in t'other Room, but two or three Chairs, broke in the back, half a dozen empty Gally-pots, and a Deaths-head, between two Syringes.

Aſt. You may gueſs forty times, ere you hit ſo right again: I believe him a bettter Artiſt at Bawdry, than Conjuring.

Fol. Not a jot the worſe Inſtrument: — Do but hear him, and you'll quickly judge: And if you love me, pray let me manage the Conference: —— He's ſome what long — Where is this man of learning? *Enter Mopus*

Mo.

Mo. Here Sir —— A poor old man;—One or other, will nev'r let him be quiet, till he's in his Grave?—Your Commands Gentlemen.

Fol. Why faith this Gentleman, and my ſelf, have receiv'd ſo large a character of you, that we are come to wait on you, in the behalf of a friend of ours.

Mo. I have done ſomewhat in my time; and hope I ſhall never be too old to do good.

Fol. You ſay well:—There is a friend of ours (that for the preſent ſhall be nameleſs) has got a ſmall miſchance:——You may gueſs what I mean.

Mo. Well Sir—— —— I apprehend you, and will ſet him right again.

Fol. Then you take it for granted, it muſt be a Man;—Suppoſe it be a Woman? Does that alter the caſe?

Mo. Sir, I'll deal plainly with you ——If your friend be a Man, I'll cure him for Five Pieces; but if a Woman, I ſhall not take her in hand under Twenty.

Fol. Why this great difference?

Mo. O Sir, not without Reaſon:—The ſooner you cure a Man, the ſooner you have him again——He's a conſtant Termor——But a Woman——Ah Sir, ſhe brings Griſt to Mill;—Cure her once, and ſhe grows cunning, you'll hardly ever hear of her more;—I ſhall not bate any thing of Twenty Pieces to cure her: But this I'll do with you, I'll patch her up againſt Term, for Forty Shillings.

Fol. Hah! Hah!—Let this ſatisfie you, 'tis a Man:— [*He gives him money.*] I'll ſend him to you.——

Mo. Pray do—And leave him to me;——And if there be any vertue, in *Saſſa*, *Guajacum*, or *Turpentine*, you need not fear him.

Aſt. A rare Rogue. [*Aſide*]

Fol. Well Sir——I ſhall:—But this is not all our buſineſs—We are well ſatisfied, that you are a perſon of occult learning——Pray Sir will you oblige us.

Mo. You look like Gentlemen, and I am confident are ſo—I'll be free with you;——I could diſcover a ſecret of Nature to you, and for the expence of a brace of hundred pounds, put you in poſſeſſion

poſſeſſion of t?——It will give you the knowledge of all things paſt, preſent, and to come; And long life, health, youth, bleſſedneſs, wiſdom, and vertue, ſhall be added to it.

Aſt. As Paper, and Pack-thread. [*Aſide.*]

Mo. But——If you ſhould not make a right uſe of it, by living ſoberly, temperately, and enjoying it, as if you had it not; but ſhall miſimploy it, in ſwaggering, Gluttony, worldly pride, and ſenſuality; you ſhall not only loſe it for the preſent, but be out of all hopes of finding it again for the future——And this is that which we call, Our *Magiſterium*, *Elixar*, or *Roſy-crucian Pantarva*:——The father of it, is the Sun, the mother of it, the Moon, it's brothers; and ſiſters, the reſt of the Planets, the wind carries it in its belly, and the Nurſe thereof, is the Earth.

Fol. Pray Sir proceed, and diſcloſe this Son of Gold.

Mo, Hermetically, I ſhall:——It is ſcituated in the Centre of the Earth, and yet falls neither within Centre, nor Circumference; ſmall and yet great; Earthly, and yet watery; Airy, and yet very fire; Inviſible, yet eaſily found; Soft as downe, yet hard above meaſure; Far off, and yet near at hand:——That, that is inferiour, is as that which is ſuperiour; and that which is ſuperiour, is as that which is inferiour:——Separate the combuſtible, from the incombuſtible; the Earth, from the fire; the fluid, from the viſcous; the hot, from the cold; the moiſt, from the dry; the hard, from the ſoft; the ſubtile, from the thick; ſweetly, and with a great deal of judgment, *Per minima*, in the *Carvernes* of the Earth; And thou ſhalt ſee it aſcend to Heaven, and deſcend to Earth, and receive the powers of ſuperiours, and inferiours:——Comprehend this, and be happy:——Thou haſt diſcoverd the Balſome of Sulphur the *Humidum radicale* of Metals, the Sanctuary of Nature, and there is little, or nothing, between thee, and the Mountain of Diamonds, and all the Spirits, of Aſtromancy, Geomancy, and Coſchinomancy, are at your command.

Fol. Pray Sir, How call you that? That laſt again.

Mo. Coſchinomancy Sir; That is to ſay, The moſt myſterious Art, of Sieve, and Sheers;——I muſt confeſs, I was once of the mind to have oblig'd the World, with a diſcourſe upon this ſubject; but ſince that, the World, and I, have been better acquainted, and I find it baſe, and unworthy.

Fol.

Fol. Troth Sir, 'tis great pity, but you went on; Such a *Quixotiſm* in Phyloſophy, muſt needs pleaſe every man; for my own part, I dare promiſe you, you ſhall want neither money, nor coals, as long as this Gentleman's purſe, and mine, can ſupply you.

Mo. Why truly Sir, encouragement may do much:——I am neither *Mede*, nor *Perſian*, upon good demonſtrative Reaſons, I may be perſwaded:——— [*A Bell Rings within.*] What pity it is, (That Beaſt of Mankind, that *Goth* to all good Literature, for he deſerves no better expreſſions from me) *Diocleſian*, burnt all the Books of this Art, and for no other Reaſon, but that he fear'd (forſooth) they would make Gold too common: A wiſe Fellow, another *Lycurgus*, to avoid drunkenneſs, cut down the Vines:——You ſee by this, he confeſt it feaſible. [*Enter Boy.*]

Boy. Sir, I muſt needs ſpeak a word with you in haſte.

Mo. Gentlemen, I'll wait on you again, inſtantly.

Fol. By no means—We ſhall have further buſineſs to you, and will ſee you again:—We follow you. [*Exit Mo.*] What ſay you now? Is not this a ſpecial Rogue?

Aſt. As ever breath'd:—But to my buſineſs:—I am afraid, I ſhall want preſent money; I could never find any wheels move merrily without greaſing.

Fol. Nor I neither—And therefore to prevent the worſt, try to get t'other 1000 *l.* of the *Alderman*; and croſs-bite him, with his own money.

Aſt. And that I can; He has offer'd it me.

Fol. And do it:——If a man muſt break, a 1000 *l.* will ſignifie little in the Sum:—Come, mind your buſineſs, and you cannot miſcarry if you would. *Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCE. 2.

Enter

Whitebroth, Timothy.

Tim. I Am glad to ſee your Worſhip tread ſo luſty, and ſtrong again;——I hope, you'll be the better for't.

Wh. I *Tim*, 'Twould have vex't a man, to have juſt got an E-

ſtate, and ſtrait pipt o're the Pearch, e're he had time to look upon't: —— Mr. *Scruple* put divers things, very home to me, and 'twas ten to one, but all had come out, but that I thought with my ſelf there was no ſuch need yet; —— Come *Tim.* leave that, and let's, ſee how Affairs ſtand at preſent?—— How have you done with your rotten Raiſons —— Did they yield well?

Tim. Troth Sir, the Wine-coopers have done their part; They have made you at leaſt 60 Pipes of Wine out of 'um —— But they adviſe your Worſhip, to get your money for 'um, before they ſtir out of your Cellar; for however they may be palatable enough, as long as they lie there, yet, as ſoon as you ſtir um, they'll kick up their Heels.

Wh. Good enough to be piſt againſt a Wall, an' they were worſe: —And now I think on't, you remember the Countrey Vintner, that bought the Pipe of Canarie on Shipboard, and gave it the Raſcal mark, to cheat the Cuſtom-houſe—See it be Cran d off into another Pipe, and fill'd up again, with your New, what d' you call it?— 'Tis good enough for ſinners; —If he diſcover it, you may tell him, tis his own mark.

Tim. It ſhall be done Sir; —— But Sir, Mr. *Spendall* was to have waited on you yeſterday, touching a Bond of his of 500 *l.* which he ſayes is paid, and you promis't to deliver up.

wh. O Ho! Let me ſee —— Here 'tis —— [*He reads.*]

If the ſaid Spendall *ſhall content, ſatisfie or pay*, &c. Why ſee —— The condition of the obligation (which is made for his benefit, and not mine) ſayes, If he ſhall content: Pray tell him, (notwithſtanding the payment of the money) his Bond is forfeited; for I am not contented; —— Does he think I can be content with 6. *per Cent?* —I have no more to ſay to him—I'll take my courſe, —Pray mind your own buſineſs— Have you receiv'd the Jews money? and ſent him the Pack of Left-handed Gloves, I order'd you?

Tim. Yes Sir —'Tis done.

Wh. Put tricks upon me! —— Make me buy a round parcel of Gloves, and now you know I have 'um by me, if I will not bate a third part of the money, you have occaſion but for half of 'um, and be hang'd: —— I'll Jew you with a Horſe-pox —— I have receiv'd half your money, and you ſhall have half the Gloves (that is to ſay) all the Left-handed ones—You may chance to truck them off, with

maim'd

maim'd Souldiers, if not, I'll make you pay ſawce for t'other. —— Reach me that Book ——And while I remember it, go into my Chamber, and upon the Table you'll find a 1000 *l.* in Half-crowns; Pray weigh 'um, one by one, and lay by ſuch as are over weight, and ſee 'um melted down; —'Tis a hard World, and fit every man make the moſt of his own: —— [*The Bell rings*] See, Who's at door. —— [*Exit. Tim. Wh. reads.*] Taken up on *Bottomary*, upon the good Ship call'd the *Mary*, to be paid with intereſt, after the rate of 30 *l. per Cent.* within ten days after her coming to Anchor in the River of *Thames* — 1700 *l.* —— So, ſo, That's paid, All got; — She's ſunk at *New-found-land*: —— Beſides, I have enſur'd a 1000 *l.* upon her, my ſelf — How wealth trowls in, upon an honeſt man! — The Maſter deſerves a 100 *l.* extraordinary for this, and ſhall have it; This is the fifth Ship, he has ſunk for me. —— *Item*, paid the Iriſh Army, in *Pern Dollers* — I! there's a ſweet buſineſs! —— [*Enter Tim.*] Who's that?

Tim. Sir, Mr. *Afterwit* deſires to ſee you.

wh. Stay him a while without, I'll be for him preſently: —— Here's a Squire too; will be worth me ſomewhat: Let me ſee his account —— Lent his father, upon judgment —— 4000 *l.* — *Item* — More upon a Statute — 3000 *l.* *Item*, upon Mortgage —— 2500 *l.* — *Item*, upon his own Account, upon Bond — 500 *l.* —— *Item*, more — 300 *l.* *Item*, bound to me for other men —— 1000 *l.* — Pox o'theſe Bonds, I muſt perſwade him to take another 1000 *l.* and hedge all, into one good Mortgage: —— To ſee how this World goes round: —— My Great Grandfather was a wealthy Citizen, and left my Grandfather, a Gentleman forſooth! But what between my Father, and him, they ſo odrer'd the buſineſs, that they left me, nev'r a Groat, —— This Fellows Grandfather, was a Law-driver, and ſwallow'd my Father up; His Father ſet the Eſtate a moving, and this, will ſet it quite away: — His firſt Anceſtor, cheated mine, and I hope I ſhall be able, to requite his love, upon his poſterity; — Thus you ſee the wheel comes round, to the ſame point again —— This City, is like the Sea; few Eſtates but ran of't at firſt, and will run into't at laſt; —— *Timothy*! [*Enter Tim.*] —— Deſire my friend to walk in. [*Enter Afterwit.*] Mr. *Afterwit*! The welcomeſt man alive — You were wont to come and ſit with me; But now — You're grown ſuch a Courtier, you forget your old friends —— 'On

my Conſcience you want money, or I had not ſeen you now — Away with't — 'Tis all but dirt — You ſhall not want 1000 *l.* as long as I can help you; Nay, an't were 10000, to do you good — The ſon of my old friend!

Aſt. I thank you Sir, and ſhall make uſe of you; — But I'll promiſe you, this was purely viſit. [*The Waytes play within*]

Wh. I am the more beholding to you: — Heark *Tim*! Beat out thoſe Rogues — What would they have?

Tim. They are the Waytes Sir — They bid you good morrow every morning, and are now come to congratulate your Worſhips Recovery.

Wh. I'll give 'um nothing — They are the cauſe of more Beggars, and Baſtards — When a man would ſleep quietly, they wake him, and be hang'd; And then the good Woman plucks him by the Sleeve, and cryes — Heark Husband — Heark — The Waytes — Heark! — Come Mr. *Afterwit*, we'll out of the noiſe; — 'Tis as dreadful to me, as the laſt Trump. *Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCE. 3.

Enter

Scruple, Mrs. Whitebroth, conducted by a Boy.

Sc. 'Tis a fine Child — I'll try his Wit — How far have you learnt Youth?

Boy. Sententia Puerilis, Sir.

Sc. A good Boy! You may in time come to your *Genus* and *Species*.

Boy. I am paſt that already — *Quæ genus, aut flexum variant quæcunque novato Ritu deficiunt, ſuperantve, Heteroclita ſunto.*

Sc. A moſt emphatical deſcription of us (ſiſter *Whitebroth*) — We are a kind of *Heteroclites*, and oftentimes ſav'd, even contrary to Rules: — A witty Child — Let's ſee — *Byſſus*, *Abyſſus* — How render you that?

Boy. Byſſus, A bottomleſs Pit; *Abyſſus*, A more bottomleſs Pit.

Sc. A — Child, Thou art in the right; There is a Great — great — great Bottomleſs bottom; — Indeed there is.

Boy. Pleaſe you to give me leave to ask you one word.

Sc. With all my heart Child — What is't? *Boy.*

Boy. What's the Engliſh of *Adoleſcentior?*

Sc. Adoleſcentior! ——Hum! *Adoleſcentior!* —— Haw! —— *Adoleſcentior* ——I ——That is as much as to ſay —— *Adoleſcentior*: —(Now fye Child! Ask queſtions with that dirty face! —— Go waſh it Child —— Go waſh it: —— Fye Child! fye!)

Boy. It ſignifies a Ladder; *Adoleſcens*, a Lad; *Adoleſcentior*, a Lad-der.

Sc. I profeſs, I did not obſerve it: — I ſee a man may live, and learn every day: —— Go Child, waſh your face, and let your father know I am here.

Boy. Yes Sir —— I ſhall. *Exit Boy.*

Sc. Now indeed Mrs. *Whitelroth*, this is your fault; ——— I am preſent in body, but abſent in mind: —— I could chide you now —— But I hear him coming — [*Enter Mopus, as from his ſtudy.*] Did not I tell you of that Globe? —— 'Tis well I did not venture you, by your ſelf: —— I'll ſift him.

Mo. Worthy Sir, and you good Madam, moſt welcome: —Be pleas'd to let me know your Commands, and you ſhall ſee, I am ſo great a Reverencer of your Coat, that my whole Art ſhall lie at your feet.

Sc. He ſpeaks like other men: — [*Aſide.*] —You call it right; It is a Coat indeed, no Caſſock, but a good, plain, honeſt, diſtinguiſhing Jump; —But to our buſineſs; —I have heard Sir, That you are a man of Art, and therefore, I would fain know of you, what you conceive, of this notable Conjunction, in *October* next, which, the Learned believe to be the fore-runner of Doomſ-day, if not the thing it ſelf.

Mo. You mean Sir, that of the two ſuperiour Planets, *Saturn*, and *Jupiter*, in *Sagittarius?*

Sc. The ſame; What may it portend? —Good, or Evil?

Mo. Much good no doubt; —— Wherein, though I dare not be too poſitive, yet, as far as *Triſmegiſtus*, *Albohazen*, *Haly*; — *Meſſahala*, *Zael*, *Rabbi Abraham*; —— *Albubater*, *Avenezra*, *Alkumacer*; —*Guido*, *Bonetus*, *Hiſpalenſis*, *Firmius*, — *Alchindus*, *Proclus*, *Monteregius*; —— *Albertus Teutonicus*, *Averrois*, —— And the moſt antient *Caldeans*, *Egyptians*, *Moors*, *Jews*, or *Arabians*, have diſcourſt, either this, or the like, I ſhall give you my opinion.

Sc. I profeſs, a great read Man!

Mo. And here, we are to obſerve, which of the two Planets, *Saturn*,

turn, and *Jupiter* (This, the very best, That, the very worst) is strongest at the time of his Conjunction, for according to his nature, will the effects follow.

Sc. In truth, learnedly —— Pray Sir on.

Mo. The last Conjunction of these two Planets, happened ——

Sc. Pray Sir, no chance, or happening: —— *Was*, I pray.

Mo. Then, *Was*, in *February*, 1643. in 25 Degrees of *Pisces*, a sign of the watry Triplicitie (not known in nature before) which produced those monstrous Actions, not heard of in the World before; And now, forasmuch as their Conjunction is in *Sagittary*, the Day-house, and Triplicitie of *Jupiter*, we may conclude, it is the more considerable, in regard they have wholly left the *Aquatick Trigon*, and will for many Years make their Conjunction, in the fiery Tranquilitie: For when any alteration, from one *Trigon*, to his contrarie, happens —

Sc. Good Sir, no happening —— Let me beseech you —— for look you, d' you see, as this — Good Sir — Things come not by hap, or chance.

Mo. Well, what you please —— It is impossible, but that some admirable effects, quite opposite to the former, must needs follow: —— And of this opinion, is the learned *Haly*, and generally, all the Antients and Moderns. *Sc.* But suppose it should be otherwise?

Mo. Then we're mistaken; And tha'ts very unlikely amongst so many learned men: — As we ordinarily converse in the world, we may be mistaken; but in *Cathedra* (That is to say, our studies) 'tis impossible.

Sc. A pretty word for a Study — *Cathedra, quasi Cathedra*: — But pray Sir, what effect do you conceive, this Conjunction may have, upon the Whore of *Babylon*.

Mo. Why truly that is somewhat uncertain; in regard it will depend so much upon that great Eclipse, of *Sol*, in *Cancer*, in the house of the Moon, the 22 day of *June*, 1666. and will appear, almost Total, at *Rome*; for my part, I expect, some or other should marrie her up, and make an honest woman of her, or otherwise (as Mr. *Brightman*, upon his pair Royal of Sixes, has most excellently observ'd) she is likely to get such a Clap, she'll hardly claw it off again in haste.

Sc. I do profess, you have handled the point, notably —— I am convinc'd — There is no Devil in this Globe. M. *W.*

M. *W.* La' you now Mr. *Scruple!* ——You'll truſt me another time, won't you?

Sc. Reproach not my good meaning:—Certainly Sir, you muſt needs have added ſome rare Collections, to your own obſervation.

Mo. Yes, I have ſome Toyes (for ſo the world eſteems 'um) however to me, they are Jewels.

Sc. As what good Sir?

Mo. Many, many— In particular, a Treatiſe of the Philoſophers ſtone, written originally by *Fanbeſhar*, *Adam*'s Tutor, whom likewiſe you find recorded in the *Indian* Books, written by *Iſagarith*, about a hundred Years before his time.

Sc. I thought Letters had not been ſo ancient.

Mo. Alas! There are divers very good Authors, writ before the Flood; I have ſome half a dozen of 'um within, if I could tell where to find 'um:— Men of my profeſſion, cannot well be without 'um:—— When I ſee you next, I'll ſhew you the very *Autographum*, by which *Seth*, drew his Pillars.

Sc. Yes, that were worth the ſeeing:—And now I find you ſo near the flood, give me leave to try your learning:— Give me the exact time, and the langguae of that time and I'll ſay you're a Scholar.

Mr. For the time; It was (according to our late computation) the 5th day of *June*, in the 1656. Year of the world, one Month, and 17 dayes, nor more, nor leſs; And by all good Tokens, upon a *Fryday*, *Sol* in *Gemini*, the Dominical letter of that Yaar, *D*; fifteen minutes preciſely after Sun-ſetting.

Sc. I ſee, you're very exact.

Mo. Alas! We muſt be ſo; Half a minutes loſs, ſo many Years ago, had been the Lord knows what by this time:—— Then for the language; notwithſtanding any thing that has been ſaid, to prove it *High-dutch*, I am clearly of opinion, it was *Hebrew*, or ſome other *Jargon*.

Sc. Nay there, you muſt bate me an Ace; for though I look upon it as obſcure, as the head of *Nile*, yet as far as it may be lawful to pry into unreveal'd myſteries, I dare boldly pronounce it to have been Welch.

Mo. Welch!—*Afadrwch chwi Gymraeg?*

Sc. Why truly no; But I have a little look't into the learning of the Tongue, and that for two Reaſons: The one, for the honour of my

my Nurſe; for I am to tell you, I ſuck't a Welch-nurſe, and ſo by a *Synecdoche*, [*He pronounces it long*] may be call'd a Welchman; —— The other, That I have obſerv'd, it makes an excellent ſound in a Countrey-Church, and conſequently, is *Tant— a— mount*, to all the Eaſtern languages, and I'll promiſe you, as *Guttural* (that is to ſay, *Throateral*) — *Y Cradog, Crügog, Crogwch, Y Gwan-wr hûll fû gân (r) hwch.*

Mo. O my word there's more than *Kawſe Poli*, in this;—Pray Sir, how do you Engliſh it?

Sc. It matters not; Or if it did, 'tis not the cuſtom;—— But I had almoſt loſt the Argument, I ſay 'twas Welch, and thus I prove it:—— —'Tis confeſt of all hands, That before the confuſion of Tongues, there was but one language; which being ſo, 'tis more than probable, That *Gomer*, the firſt Gran-child of *Noah*, and firſt Anceſtor of the Welchmen, ſpake the ſame language, that his Grandfather did, and that from him, by continu'd ſucceſſion, it has been deriv'd to them:—— For Example;— —Ask a Welchman at this day, what Countrey-man he is, he will anſwer, *Cymro glân*, A true Welchman; That is to ſay, *Gomera glân*:— In like manner, for his language, *Gymeraege, quaſi Gomeraege*, both from *Gomer*: —And truly, I take the *Cimbrians*, to be much the ſame; *Cimbri, quaſi Cambri, quaſi Cymri, quaſi Gomeri*;— And again, *Mumgumry, quaſi Mount Gomery*, the very ſeat, of *Gomer* himſelf.

Mo. This is, *Draper, Diaper, Napkin, Nipkin, Pipkin*, King *Pepin*

Sc. Moſt excellent, I ſee you have ſtudy'd *Etimol gy*;—— I might yet further, and (I think) without much difficulty, make it out, That the mountains of *Ararat*, were *Penmenmaure* in *Wales*; And the moſt ancient *Egyptians*, originally Welch, as may be more than ſuſpected, from their Deification of Leeks:—— But I had rather come nearer home—— What pray, were the *Galli Senones*, that ſack't *Rome*? Welchmen, no doubt; The very name ſpeaks it: *Gallus*,— *Gnallus*, or *Wallus*— A Welchman;—— In like manner, the *Gallo-Græcians*, under *Brennus*; The ſame; *Brennus* —— *Brenn*, or *Brenning*— A King in Welch:—— But what do I go about to prove that, which no body dares deny?— I'll give you but one ſmart parting blow—— The red ſtreakt Apple, which makes ſuch excellent Sider, what was it originally, but the welch Crab?

Mo. Sir, you have ſhewn your ſelf a perſon, of no ordinary learning?

And

And becauſe I ſee, you are a *virtuoſo*, Be pleas'd to walk in with me, and I may chance to ſhew you ſome Rarities, not unworthy your peruſal:—And you Madam, if you have any commands for me, I'll receive 'um there.

Sc. We'll follow you Sir. *Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCE. 4.

Enter

whitebroth, Tyro, Timothy.

Wh. YOu're welcom Sir; And I have heard ſo well of you, from the Doctor, our friend, That I'll ſhew you fair play;—Catch her, and take her:——*Timothy.*

Tim. Your pleaſure Sir.

Wh. Go bid my Daughter come hither.—— [*Exit Tim*] 'Tis a good Girle and will make a good Wife; And I hope, who ever marries her, will be a good Husband to her;—— She will deſerve it, though I ſay it.

Ty. Never fear it; Sir If ever I kill her, 'twill be with kindneſs;—My mother would alwayes ſay [*Enter Beatrice.*] I was the beſt natur'd thing!

Wh. Come hither *Beatrice*;—I am going abroad, and will leave you to entertain this Gentleman, till I come again.

Bea. I ſhall obey you Sir. [*Tyro, goes backward, ſcraping*]

Wh. Nay to her man; Never fall into the Rear, when you ſhould charge,

Ty. I warrant you Sir for one: [*Exit Whit.*] [*Tyro ſtrutts.*]

Bea. What (in the name of Goodneſs) have we here?——By my Fathers laſt words, it ſhould be a Sweetheart (forſooth)--how it ſtrutts, like a Crow in a Gutter!——I have a great minde to hear it ſpeak. [*All this aſide.*]

Ty. Methinks (Madam) this is a very fine Room.

Bea. It cannot be otherwiſe Sir, while you are in it.

Ty. A—las good Madam—'Tis your Goodneſs—Truly—Pray what a Clock do you count it?

Bea. He has a mind to ſhew his Watch; But I'll prevent him: (*Aſide.*) 'Tis much about four Sir.

Ty. I have a thing in my Pocket, corrects the Sun. [*He pulls out a large Iraſs Watch.*

Bea. How do you call it good Sir?

Ty. The Vulgar, call it a Watch; but according to the learned, 'tis a *Trochleal Horadeixe.*

Bea. He that made it, was as little ſparing of his ſtuff, as t'other of his breath, that New-chriſten'd it, by ſo ſtuborn a Name.

Ty. Will your Ladyſhip be pleas'd to accept it? —— I aſſure you 'tis at your ſervice; It ſhall be part of your *Paraſernalia.*

Bea. By no means Sir: —— You ſpeak in Phraſe.

Ty. Alas (Madam) 'tis the way of the learned; —— Term, is three quarters of the Art: —— Here's this now—— —— [*He points to a wooden Standiſh.*] I warrant you, you would have call'd it an Ink-box; or at beſt a Standiſh.

Bea. It appears no other to me at preſent.

Ty. Nor yet to me: —But the word's too common; a Butcher would have ſaid as much —— Oh no —— 'Tis a ligneous Pixid, accomodated with two plumbeous Receptacles, or ſtanneous Repoſitories, for Ink, and Sand; —— Or, more Laconically —— An *Eſcritoire.*

Bea. You're very learned Sir!

Ty. Thanks to a good Tutor, ſome ſmall foundation: — I muſt preſent you ſomething —— [*He takes out a Flagilett.*] What ſay you to this? Your better ſort of Gentlemen, ſeldom go without one of 'um in their Pocket.

Aſt. A Suitor ſay'ſt thou! 'Tis a Puppet: — [*As Tyro playes, Enter Aſt. ſpeaking to Tim.*]

Tim. You may be too confident Sir.

Aſt. There —— [*He gives Tim. money.*] —— And if your Maſter come to hear of it, tell him, I was drunk.

Tim. I ſhall Sir. [*Exit Tim.* —— *Aſt. reels.*]

Aſt. How now? —— Where's this *Alderman?* — What have we got here? A Gliſter-pipe? — [*He ſtrikes off Tyro's Hat, and kicks him.*]

Bea. Forbear Sir — Know where you are.

Ty. The Hat coſt more money, than to be made a Foot-ball.

Aſt. Ha! Reply? — Madam your Fan.

Ty. Murder —— Murder — Murder — [*Exit Tyro, and runs againſt a Poſt.*]

Bea.

Bea. Was there ever ſuch rudeneſs? [*She offers to go out.*]

Aft. Nay —— You ſhall only ſtay, to ſee I am not drunk; —— I thought this, the beſt diſguiſe I could uſe, to keep your father from believing, I made any pretences to you: ——— Well (Madam) I love you, and you know it? —— You may be proud; —— Farewell. *Exit.*

Bea. A mad Wooer!--However, would my Father lik'd him. *Ex.*

ACT. III. SCE. 5.

Enter

Whitebroth, Runter, Timothy, Double Diligence; All the Women: And Scruple, leading two of them.

Ru. GOod Mr. *Scruple*, ſatisfie my Conſcience: —— An Oath adds no legality to the Action; If I ſwear to kill a man, muſt I do it?

Sc. Why thus: —— Hum —— Haw —— [*He grows pettiſh.*] Conſcience me, no Conſcience; I came not hither to reſolve any man's Conſcience; It is not my way —— Truly I hope Neighbours, —— [*He alters his voice.*] I may not onely hope, but dare ſay, That you are all ſo well ſatisfy'd, of what I have deliver'd to you, that you are really convinc'd, that they are Truths not to be queſtion'd: —— You know I meddle not with Conſcience, I came to teach ye: —— [*He raiſes his voice.*] Did I for this, preach up the Holy Covenant? Told you, you muſt deny Learning, and Reaſon, and give the good Cauſe, a lift? —— Was it for this, That, that zealous Son of Thunder, *Mas' Andrew*, told you, That he came to you with a Commiſſion, to bid you ſubſcribe, That it was a ſpiritual Contract in letters of fleſh; and that he came a wooing to you, for him that had commiſſionated him, and therefore call'd upon you, to come, and be handfaſted, by ſubſcribing the Contract? Did I for this, convince you, of the lawfulneſs of the thing, and, as it were, compel you to the Wedding? And will you call that Holy Violence, a Spaniſh Inquiſition? —— Have I done all this? And will you now fall back? ——— Shall our old Leaſe run out? —— And the Land be ſow'd with Cockles again: —— Ah —— Ha ——

(*The Women answer him*; *with a long drawn* —— Hui.

Ru, This is not the point;—I cannot deny, but that I took it my self; But then, was then, and now, is now.

Sc. Ah —— Be stedfast, and do not believe I speak this out of any particular *Egoitism*, or fond Iishness, to my self—Ah—No—This thing of selfishness, is a very nothingness —— A meer—meer —— Ah —— do but consider it —— (*He is out, and turns it off.*) (*And pray Neighbours there, leave your whispering, and mind the matter in hand.*) ——— Hum ——— I say —— Hum —— Do but consider, what acting, wonder-working, advancing, and Christian-comforting times, these were:—How the rebuke of the poor, bely'd, slander'd people, was taken away, and their Reputation clear'd! Ah—Ah—What great things were wrought upon the spirits of men, even through the bowels of difficulty! —— Aa —— Antichrist was dying in his limbs, nay, dying upwards; And this Kingdom that was once so given up to it, that it was call'd, The Popes Ass —— Ah—How was it become (as the Assembly most happily found it out) the chief of the Ten Horns, that were to gore the Whore:—— Ah ——Aa —— Good people, do not fear— There are more Assemblies coming, and more Purses opening, to carry on the work—Aa—Comfort your selves, That though these Land-destroying sins of Superstition, Innovation, and Idolatry, were sins in the Kingdom, they were not sins of the Kingdom; And a Nation was never destroy'd, without National sins:--Mark that Beloved, pray mark that:— (*The Women again.* —— Hui ——) Aa—— Rouze up your selves, and let this beget in you (as it were)—— Hum—Haw—new-spiritual-mouth-waterings;—— Let it not be said of you, That you began well, but gave it over, when there was most need of you—Aa— No——If we must perish, 'tis better to perish in hope, than fear—Aa—We must be a doing people, as well as a saying people:----- (*The women again.* —— Hui ——) It is not enough that you have done well already, but you must press forward, and like the *Grecian*, that when his hands were cut off, clapt hold with his teeth: ——Ah——Aa——Do you but stand in the Gap, and there is a Block in the way; it cannot be got over; The Nation cannot be destroyed, as long as you are in't:—Ah—Then, do not dispond in this day of Tryal, this day of treading down, and not building up —Aa—Give not up this *Good Old Cause*, which you

you have ſo long contended for, with ſo much precious blood, and ſo much precious Treaſure — Aa --forſake it not, leſt the Malignants rejoyce, leſt the Malignant, and diſaffected, ſay, *You've fought to much purpoſe* : — Aa — Bear it yet but a little, and you will ſee *Dagon* totter, and when he is once running down hill, he will not ſtop, till he come to th' bottom : — [*Here he ſinks his voice.*] In the mean time — Ah — What remains? But that (foraſmuch as the Sword is yet out of our hands) — Ah — But that we as it were deſcend from our ſelves, in petitioning for Toleration, and preſervation of our mortal bodies, againſt the rude Enemy ; And that we promiſe, to be their Servants in every thing, that we ſhall judge to be righteous. [*Here, All* — Hui.---]

Ru. There I hold with you, good Mr. *Scruple* ; And the *Codes*, are of the ſame opinion — *Tempori, aptare decet* : — Come let's in, and conſult the Form.

Sc. I am for no Form: — Yea, I hate the name, I abominate it: — *Forma, bonum fragile eſt.* *Exeunt.*

ACT. IV. SCE. I.

Enter

Bilboe, and Titere Tu, fighting ; Bilboe drives Titere Tu, round the Stage.

Bil. I'Ll make a Rogue of you, Sirrah !

T. T. Why Major — Nay, good Major — Have a care.

Bil. Thou Son of a Woman,--Do'ſt think men are Bulls, and get their money by roaring? — Cheat me of my ſhare, you Dog? — [*T. T. has one leg over.*] Are you earthing, you Rogue? ----I'll unkennel you.

T. T. Nay Major----Major----What d'you mean?----Nay----Nay — Nay — Fleſh, and blood is not able to endure this: — [*He takes his Sword in both hands, winks, and runs at t'other ; Bilboe runs off:---*] Nay, I am bound to follow no man ; — Do you think I'm oblig'd, to fight you by the Mile? [*Bilboe peeps in.*]

Bil. The Rogue's afraid, or he had miſchieft me : — [*He comes on again.*] — Sa — Sa — Sa — Sa --

T. T.

T. T. Hold, Major, hold;—'fore *George*, you might have ſpoil'd a man ſo.

Bil. Why Sirrah——You ſtinking, louſie, Totterdemallion; you Raggamuffin, Tarrarag Rogue—Who made you a Captain?——Was it not I?—Speak.

T. T. No troth was it not;——'Twas ev'n the Box-keeper of the three Kings, and the Fleece Link-boys, made us both:—You, a Major, and me, a Captain.

Bil. Why thou *Rotterdam* Villain—Deny it if thou canſt;—Did not I pick thee up, at a Three-penny Ordinary, brought you, into Gentlemens company; Dub'd you a Knight of the Blade; Taught you the method of making new plots, and borrowing half a Crown of your Landlady, upon the hopes of 'um; And after all this, ſign'd your Certificate, to make you capable, of thoſe Arrears, you never fought for; And do you now forget your Patroon, ſirrah? Do you forget your Patroon?

T. T. And good Major, recollect your ſelf too, if you pleaſe;—Do'nt you know, that I know, That you were never above a Corporal, in all your life; And that too, not till fighting was quite out of faſhion?—Bow the ſtick on t'other ſide, and 'twill be ſtrait.

Bil. I muſt kill the Rogue:—— (*They fight again, as before.*) 'Twas bravely fought:—Thou haſt acquitted thee like a man of mettle,—Let's breath.

T. T. Did not I (if you are yet cool enough to hear truth) teach you, your Top, your Palm, and your Slur?——Shew'd you the miſtery, of your Jack in a Box, and the frail Dye?—Taught you the uſe of Up-hills, Down-hills, and Petars?——The Waxt, the Grav'd, the Slipt, the Goad, the Fullum, the Flat, the Briſtle, the Bar; And generally, inſtructed You from Prick-penny, to Long Lawrence? And is the queſtion now, Who is beholding?

Bil. That ever friends, ſhould fall out about trifles! (*They drop their Swords, and embrace.*) 'Prethee let's diſcourſe the buſineſs quietly, between our ſelves; and ſince 'tis gone ſo far, as to be taken notice of in the Town, Croſs, and Pile between us, who ſhall wear his Arm in a Scarf.

T. T. Agreed—But hold——The Devil a Croſs have I.

Bil. Or I:—Then knots, and flats—Our Swords ſhall ſerve;—This knots—That, flats;—I cry knots.

T. T.

T. T. And I flats;—'Twirle up:— (*Bil. twirles up his Sword.*) 'Tis flats;—— Tis yours Major — All thine own Boy!

Bil. Well—It can't be helpt—A man's nev'r the worse man, for a miſchance:—But heark you Captain——Upon Honour, no talking.

T. T. No--No--No--Firſt blood, firſt blood:--And now Major, you think I cheated you:—By this good *Morglay*! The Rogue was reſolv'd to fight, and I had no reaſon but to ſuffer it to be taken up:—I'll be ſworn, I got not ſo much, as a Reconciliation Supper by't.

Bil. This is it when men muſt manage their buſineſs by themſelves:--All covet and all looſe:——You think you are well enough, if you can but ſay your *Gamut* by Rote, though you are not able to prove a Note of't:--Come, come, I muſt tell you, there is more requir'd to be a Rogue, than to ſay, I will be a Rogue:------A man would have thought, one of your Years, and Education, might have eaſily gueſt, who would fight, and who not.

T. T. Pox on't, 'tis paſt:——(*Enter Tyro.*) 'Prithee let's hear No more of't:—See!—Here comes my Squire, I told you of:—Noble Squire!—Your ſervant;---Pray Major, be pleas'd to know my friend. (*Billoe and Tyro ſalutes.*)

Ty. Oh Captain, I have been all about to look you:—Not fighting, I hope?

T. T. No--The Major, and I, have been only meaſuring blades--Here's the pretty'ſt thing, you ever handled—Hey daſh—— (*He foines at Tyro:*—) *Toledo*, to an inch—— right *Thomas de Ayala*--Upon my credit, but two of 'um came over in three Ships:—Do but ſee how finely 'tis mounted!—Sa—Sa—Obſerve how true it bends!—Ah! for a paſs in *Flanconade* now— (*At Tyro again.*—) 'Tis a truſty ſteel, and has been the death of—

Bil. A thouſand Froggs. (*Aſide*)

T. T. More than I'll ſpeak of; or, to tell you truth, dare:—— But heark you Squire, haſt thou any noble Atchievements for thy man of *Mars*? Muſt the great Turk dye?—Speak;—His breath, hangs upon thy lips.

Ty. Why truth Captain, I came to ask your advice:—I have been moſt lamentablie abus'd; Nay, in the preſence of my Miſtreſs too.

T. T. Send him a *Chartel* Boy, ſend him a *Chartel*, and I'll carry it:——Is he of mortal Race?

Ty. Why truly Captain I cannot well tell what he is; —But this I am ſure, he had a good material hand, and hoof.

Bil. How Captain! —This Gentleman is your friend?

T. T. He is; And I'm engag'd in honour to ſee him righted.

Bil. 'Twas bravely ſpoke; —And pray think of no Second, but my ſelf: — Good Sir— (*To Tyro.*—) Set forth the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; it may be matter of life.

Ty. Then—So't pleaſe you, thus—I was entertaining my Miſtreſs, with this little bauble— (*He ſhews the Flageilett.*)

Bil. 'Tis ſomewhat beneath the ſtandard, I muſt confeſs: —But pray on.

Ty. —When of a ſudden, a rude, roaring, Roiſter —

Bil. His name good Sir.

Ty. Truly I could not learn that: —It being in the City, 'tis probable, it was ſome Merchant or other got drunk.

Bil. Not unlikely—proceed.

Ty. I ſay then, this rude Fellow; without ſcarce ſaying a word, gives me a good ſound box —

Bil. Not to interrupt you Sir — Was it the *Bucketoon*, or the *Bucketadoe*?—Logically, or Rhetorically? —That is to ſay, with the Clunch-fiſt, or open Palm?

Ty. Why truly, neither: —But as near as I can remember, it was with the back of the hand, upon the Cheek; for with the ſame motion, he ſtrook off my Hat—Thus Major— (*He ſtrikes off Bilboes Hat; Bilboe ſtoops, takes it up, and rubs it.*

Bil. O Ho;—The *Derere main*;—Why then the queſtion will be ſingly this — Whither a blow, with the back of the hand, upon the Cheek, may be call'd, a box on the ear;— For my part I am clearly of opinion—not.

T. T. To take it literally, I grant it you;— But then anſwer me, whither it were not a probable box o'the ear; I take it, twas.

Bil. So far I agree with you Captain—But pray Sir, the reſt.

Ty. Then, as if his foot, had kept time with his hand, he gave me ſuch a kick *in Ano*, that to avoid him, I had almoſt beaten out my brains againſt a poſt.

Bil. This laſt of the Poſt, was your own Act, and may by no means be call'd his:—However, upon the whole matter, you are wrong'd, and we'll ſee you righted.

Ty.

Ty. Thank you good Major—I am beholding to you.

T. T. D' you hear me —Squire — You ſee what pains the Major has taken in your buſineſs— You muſt preſent him.

Ty. 'Tis my intention—Pray let's meet here about an hour hence and we'll further conſider of't.

T. T. We'll attend you —Your ſervant. — *(Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT. IV. SCE. 2.

Enter

Mopus, Solus.

Mo. SO, ſo, the Trade goes merrilie on: --Let it hold but one ſeven years, and I ſhall go near to fine for Alderman. *Enter his wife.*

M. *M.* O *Mopus* ! *Mopus* ! Here's the Conſtables wife to have her fortune read — She had a Baſtard before ſhe was marry'd —Has had two Husbands, and one Daughter, by this: —One Major *Bilboe* is her Sweet-heart; and I more than believe, our Alderman has a finger in the pye too. *Exit Mrs. Mopus.*

Mo. The Devil's in't, if I miſs her fortune; I ſhall be Conjurer, whether I will or no *(Enter Mrs. D. D.)* Save you Gentlewoman —Your buſineſs with me?

M. *D.* Indeed Sir, I have heard, you're a cunning man, and can tell a woman any thing.

Mo. Such things have been done and may again: —Let me ſee your hand: — *(She gives him her hand; he pores on it.)* —Three Husbands — The firſt, dead — The ſecond, living — A man of Authority,

M. *D.* Now indeed Sir, he is a Conſtable? — Bleſs me!

Mo. Your third ſhall be very rich; A Common counſel man at leaſt; and you ſhall have Children by him.

M. *D.* How many have I had a ready?

Mo. Let me ſee —One Daughter — And no more — That is--ſince you were marry'd.

M. *D.* To ſee what learning can do!

Mo. Ah Miſtreſs; I travel'd hard for't --I have been, where never any man was before me, or ſince --I'll ſpeak a bold word, --- I

have been ſo far, that I might have put my finger, in the very Hole, where the wind came out; — And all this, for a little knowledge.

M. D. Meehinks 'tis a great deal— Pray, a little more.

Mo. You ſhould have three diſeaſes; —— And if you 'ſcape the firſt, and ſecond, you may arrive to the third: You ſhall bury all three Husbands, and be very fortunate, toward your latter end: —— You were born —— [*He turns his Globe.*] under *Cancer*: — And have receiv'd a hurt, by fire — Hot-water or ſome other way.

M. D. Now trulie but I burnt my hand with a ſmoothing Iron; And all to be ſcal'd my foot, with taking down the pot one day, when my Maid was gone abroad, with her Sweetheart.

Mo. You have a natural mark, before or behind, or ſomewhere about you, between your head, and your heel.

M. D. That's more then I know; but I'll have my Husband look, to morrow morning.

Mo. You are prettie neat in your houſe; ſomewhat nimble, wittie ſubtile; —— And a good Bedfellow.

M. D. Indeed Sir (I know not why) but I've been told ſo.

Mo. Double-minded —— Often changing your reſolution —— Prone to be angry, but quickly gone —— And now and then, love abit in a corner.

M. D. 'Tis beſt eating, when one's a hungry

Mo. Your good dayes, are *Monday* —— *Wedneſday* — *Fryday* — Your evil, *Tueſday*, and *Thurſday* —— *Saturday*, indifferent: — Your good Fortune lies —— *South*, and by *Nor'th*; and therefore direct your Affairs that way, and place your Chamber-door, and Bed, to that ſide.

M. D. Now beſhrew me Sir, but I'll obſerve your directions.

Mo. Once more your hand — Your *Mons Veneris* is exalted —— You love — I marrie that you do.

M. D. Nay, now Sir! What d' you mean? I love nothing but what all women do — Their Husbands.

Mo. Two ſtrange thwarting lines, acroſs the *Cingulum* — You have a Sweetheart, or two, beſides your Husband.

M. D. Who I Sir? — I'd have you know I am no ſuch: —— I am as honeſt a woman, as any in the Pariſh — I ſcorn your words.

Mo. No doubt of it: — Let me ſee how your hand agrees with my Globe: — He is — [*He turns his Globe, and deſcribes Bil.*]

Suppoſe

Suppoſe I ſhould name him to you;— *B-I-L-Bilboe* ;— He belongs to the Sword.

M. *D.* Oh Sir, have a care —If my Husband ſhould hear you, he would run Horn-mad, and knock both our brains out, with his ſtaffe of Authoritie.

Mo. To ſhew you more of my Art —You had a Baſtard, before you were marry'd —And there is an old Fellow that haunts you.— [*He deſcribes the Alderman.*] What ſay you?

M. *D.* O good Sir —If you diſcover me, I am undone. [*Enter Boy.*]

Boy. Sir, there are two Gentlemen below, deſire to ſpeak with you.

Mo. I'll wait on 'um preſently. — [*Exit Boy.* —] Never fear me —— We are oblig'd by our Order of the Roſie Croſs, to keep all confeſſions ſecret: —— 'Tis our Alderman, that's more.

M. *D.* If you ſhould betray me now: —

Mo. I will not—— I will not: —— But heark you ——Upon condition ſtill, you give me a bit too. [*He calls her.*]

M. *D.* O Sir, 'tis impoſſible —— Your Wife's in t'other Room— The Gentlemen ſtay for you below — Some body's coming up— Mrs. *Mopus* Mrs. *Mopus!* [*She ſpeaks it, as if ſhe would not be heard.*]

Mo. Hang her Jade— (*As Mopus kiſſes, and pulls her, Enter Folly, and Afterwitt behind them.*)

Aft. See — See —See—Y' faith Mr. Doctor! —Is this your living ſoberlie, temperatelie, and enjoying it, as if you had it not? (M. *D. Suttles away.*)

Fol. Is this your *Magiſterium* — —*Elixar* —or *Roſy Crucian*— *Pantarva?* —— No ſirrah — The father of this is the Devil, the mother, his Dam, its brothers, and ſiſters, the Tribe of Whore-hoppers, the wind carries it, from Bawdy-houſe, to Bawdy-houſe; and the Nurſe thereof, is a ſuburb *Tantrum.*

Mo. A plague o' this Boy —— Undone for ever! —— (*Aſide.*)

Fol. Are you ſo hot?—I'll cool you:—D' ye hear me—give the next Porter half a Crown, and let him fetch *Double Diligence* the Conſtable ——I am miſtaken, or the woman we found here, was his wife.

Aft. Keep him in the mean time.

Fol. I warrant you, he ſtirs not, *Afterwitt offers to go out.*)

Mo. Gentlemen — Good Gentlemen —— As you are men —— You undo me for ever ——Studie wherein I may ſerve you.

Fol. Stay a little —— (*To Afterwit.* — Confeſs, and you ſhall ſee what we'll ſay to you: — Art not thou a damn'd cheating Rogue? — How haſt thou the impudence to believe that any thing but fools ſhould come near thee?

Mo. Nor would I, by my good will deal with other; — Do you take the wiſe men, and give me the fools, and then ſee, who'll have the moſt practice: — There are but two ſorts of people in the World, *Aut qui captant, aut qui captantur*; — *Aut Corvi qui lacerant, aut Cadavera, quæ lacerantur*; which, the great *Albumazar*, has moſt ſignificantly rendred. by Cheators, and Cheatees —— If it were not for fools Sir, how ſhould Knaves live?

Fol. A in genious beginning; If it hold much may be ſaid.

Mo. You are Gentlemen; ——And I ſee, underſtand — I'll be plain with you — Examine the World, and you'll find three quarters of't down-right fools; And for the reſt, ſix parts in ſeven, are little, beſides band, and beard, and yet they make a great buſsle in the World, and paſs for ſhrewd men: — And can you blame me then? —— Did you ever hear a Fiſh-wife cry ſtinking Makarel? Or a Citizen, gum'd Velvet? —No —— The beſt in the Town, though the worſt in his Shop: — Here, we have a learned conſultation, whither my Ladie may eat Butter with her Eggs, or have her Poſſet turn'd with Lemon, or Ale: —— Yonder another keeps a ſputter, with his New--New--New--The Wall-ey'd Mare, and the crop t flea-bitten —— A Book with a hard Title —— A new found language in *Ireland* —— Turk, and Pope —— The Fleſh-office —— My Ladies Dog —— The ſafeſt way of cutting of Corns — A bag of Writings — A houſe o' the Bank-ſide —— The Chriſtning of another Turk —— A Franciſcan Proſelyte — Gentlemen-uſhers, and Maid-ſervants ——Dentifrices, and Lozenges: —Another, dawbs you whole Volumes, with the difference between ſufficient and efficacious: — Another, whither the lining of *Aaron*'s Ephod, were Sky-colour'd, or Sea-green; And hack, and hew ſo deſperately about their Goats wooll, a man ſhould bleſs himſelf to ſee ſuch piles of elaborate Non-ſenſe: —— And now Gentlemen-- Am I the only man in fault? — The worſt you can ſay, is, The people

people, have ſo little wit, as to give money; and I, am ſo mad, as to pocket the injurie: —— Does this ſatisfie?

Aſt. Rogue enough--But is't not poſſible to make thee honeſt?

Mo. Try me---I have a Wife, and three Children:-- The Devil take my Wife, and two of them, if I ever fail you.

Aſt. A ſafe wiſh —— But ſuppoſe I ſhould order it ſo, that a young Lady come to you, could you ſo read her fortune, as to make her marry me? --You know how to play your part, if you pleaſe.

Mo. And if I don't to your advantage, Cut my throat.

Aſt. He muſt know't at laſt — I had as good tell him the perſon. (*To Folly.*)

Fol. So you may; —And do.

Aſt. Hold up thy hand —— To make thee honeſt, her's twenty Pieces for thee; and if thou do'ſt the buſineſs, I'll give thee two hundred more;---- What ſay'ſt thou?

Mo. If I betray you, or do not my beſt, be ſeven years in killing me.

Aſt. You know Alderman *Whitebroth*?

Mo. Know him? — Why — I am his Doctor.

Aſt 'Tis his Daughter —You know your work.

Mo. And if I don't do't —I'll run my Countrey: — And now Gentlemen, you ſhall ſay I am honeſt — You obſerv'd the woman, that was here when you came in?

Aſt. Yes, what of her?

Mo. Why —She is the Conſtables wife, whom (to be ſhort) the Alderman Cuckolds,

Fol. Hah? Are you ſure of it?

Mo. By the help of this Globe, I made her confeſs, That the Alderman, and one *Billoe*, play *Level de coile* with her: —But I (may tell it you now) my wife, gave me the firſt hint of't.

Fol. Hah! hah! —— Thou art honeſt: —— *Billoe* —— A Hector ——He lies in the Conſtables houſe?

Mo. The ſame: — Make the beſt uſe of it you can, and I'll promiſe you, to follow your directions.

Aſt. This was better than wiſh —— Come, We'll lay our heads together, and you ſhall hear of us again ſuddenlie. *Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT. IV. SCE. 3.

Enter

Whitebroth, Runter, Timothy, Beatrice, Scruple, leading Mrs. Whitebroth.

Wh. WAs he ſo drunk d' you ſay?
Tim. As ten thouſand Beggars.

Wh. So, ſo; —his money is jogging alreadie: —Alas Mr. *Runter*, you hear what he ſayes —— He was drunk.

Tim. Indeed Sir, I was never but half ſo bad, in all my life, and then, I was Maudlen. for a whole Month after.

Sc, And well it became you —— Compunction is good *Timothy*.

Ru. What ſay you Sir —— Mr. *Tyro* is a civil, hopeful Gentleman, and I am ſure, loves your Daughter.

Wh. Nay ſpeak to her—there ſhe is.

Bea. Love me! —— 'Tis more than ever he told me yet.

Sc, He is a little modeſt — *Ingenii vultus puer, ingenuique pudoris.* Trulie I think you could not have choſen better.

Bea. I choſen Sir! —— You will not perſwade me I hope, that I am in love? —If I am, I can aſſure you, 'tis not with him.

M. *w.* How Child! — Not be rul'd by your father? —Indeed Husband, it would be worth your while, to have an eye upon her.

Wh. And your own too, good Wife.

Sc. It ſhould be both your care — You muſt provide a Husband for her in time, or ſhe will provide one her ſelf.

Wh. Come, leave this diſcourſe to another time; you know we have buſineſs. *Exeunt* [*Manet Tim.*]

Tim. What pitie 'tis, that this *Monſieur Le Coxcomb, Tyro*, ſhould have my young Miſtreſs —— A fool, that knows not the uſe of money, but to play at Bob-farthing, and Span-counter: —— *Aſte r-witt* has moſt right to her, for his Eſtates ſake —Come, come, he is a Gentleman, and if things hit right, —Thou ſhalt have her Boy. *Exit.*

ACT.

ACT. IV. SCE. 4.

Enter

Bilboe (his Arm in a Scarf) and Tutore Tu at one door; Tyro, at another.

Ty. ALas Major! Your Arm in a Scarf?

Bil. Why faith — A ſmall badge of honour; —— And I was dreſt up in haſte, that I might not fail you.

Ty. How was it good Major?

Bil. Nothing, nothing, but a ſmall bruſh about the wall; and I know not why, but I fancy'd he might be the perſon that had affronted you: —— To be ſhort, he made me this paſs, in *ſecond*, and I return'd it ſo nimblie in *Tierce*, that I made the Sun, ſhine clean through him.

T. T. Lightning by this hand — Lightning — Well — [*He claps Bilboe on the back.*]

Bil. Uh — Have a care Captain. [*Bilboe ſhrinks.*]

T. T. — Go thy wayes —— And if thou takeſt a ſwing in *Quart* for't, there hangs as brave a Fellow, as has hung there theſe forrie years.

Ty. No murder I hope good Major?

Bil. Let him look to that —— I neither know, nor care. — Do not be troubled Boy! —— I have an Arm yet left to fight thy Battels.

Ty. I thank you Sir —— Be pleas'd —— [*He gives Bilboe money.*]

Bil. O Sir, — your love —

T. T. Ne'r doubt him Squire —— I'd as liefe have him upon his ſtumps as twenty others upon no leggs.

Ty. Well Gentlemen, Courage — For my own part: I fear no fleſh alive —— No upon my life and ſoul don't I, and I believe the the ſame of you —— You may fight, you are men of the Sword: — But for me — A man o' th' Law! — How ſay you Captain?

T. T. By no means Squire.

Bil. Say no more —— He's dead.

Ty.

Ty. Nay good Major have a care —No more murder.

Bil. What you pleaſe— I'll promiſe you, I'll uſe him the better for your ſake. *Enter Afterwitt.*

Ty. See Captain ——This is he.

T. T. Pray Sir withdraw, and hazard not your ſelf? — It may prove dangerous. *Exit Tyro.*

Aft. I have out-ſtaid my time —— [*To himſelf.*] With your favour Sir, what's a Clock?

T. T. Look upon the Dyel. [*T. T. turns up his breech to him. Afterwitt kicks him on his face, takes way his Sword, and ſets one foot on him.*

Aft. It wants a *Gnomon*,. [*Bilboe ſteps in.*]

Bil. Hold thy Death-threatning hand —— He is a Captain —— Let him dye fairly: — You do well to preſume upon this Scarf— I ha'n't been wont, to ſee ſuch things, and carry my hands in my pocket: — *Enter Folly.*] But ——

Fol. Thou art not mad man? — Hold,

Aft. The Rogue has affronted me, for ſpeaking kindly to him -- Be quick — And let me know the cauſe, or I'll nail thee to the

Bil. You have injur'd a worthy friend of ours —— Squire *Tyro*,

Aft. If that be all —— Riſe —— ther's your Sword.

ground, for an example to others.

Bil. By no means Sir — [*Bilboe claps between 'um.*] 'Tis againſt the Law of Arms, to hold a Sword againſt any man, has had our life at his mercy.

Fol. Major *Bilboe* I think.

Bil. The ſame Sir —I ſhould know that face too! —Certain Sir, I have had the honour, to be drunk in your Company ere now.

Fol. And not unlikely — We muſt not part with dry lips, now; — *Afterwitt* — Our friend — Doſt not remember, we were merry together, at —

Aft. Oh —Your ſervant Sir; [*They ſalute.*]

Fol. Come — All friends — Well Major (to renew our acquaintance) I have the beſt humor for you ——'Twill get you the Pence, and all of us, mirth.

Bil And what may it be?

Fol. Diſmiſs your friend to the next Tavern, and I'll tell you. [*Bilboe whiſpers T. T.*]

T. T.

T. T. Methinks, I find a diſlocation in my Cruppe: ; —— Your ſervant Gentlemen. [*Titere Tu goes limping off.*]

Bil. Your ſervant you Rogue — Your ſervant . —— Now Sir, your Commands?

Fol. To the point then — If you are honeſt to us, it may be worth you 500 l. — If not we are two to one, perſons unſtain'd in our Reputation; and if we deny, your affirmation will ſignifie little — Will you be truſty?

Bil. As ſteel my boy what is't?

Fol. You lie at *Double Diligence* the Conſtables houſe?

Bil. I do — What then?

Fol. And now and then (for diverſion) with your Landlady?

Bil No wounding of Reputation, good Gentlemen: —— She's a pretty Fly-Boat, two men won't ſink her.

Aſt. Nor three, I warrant you.

Bil. I may be not — Have you a mind Gentlemen;

Fol O —— No Sir —— I hope, Alderman *whitebroth* viſits you pretty often?

Bil. For his Rent, or ſo.

Fol. Then we know more than you — He has a lick at her too; —— Will you aſſiſt us in a deſign?

Bil. By the faith of a *Soldate*, and a man of Arms, I will.

Aſt. To engage you then, here's twenty Peeces for you — You muſt Trepan him with the Conſtables Wife; —— If you find her ſhye, you may bring in her Husband for a ſhare —— My Neck on't, you ſquare him out of a 1000 l. at leaſt —— He'll do any thing, rather then have it known.

Bil. Do't? —— I, and thank you too —— The Bed-pad, is the ſafeſt Pad? —— Her's my hand, I'll be honeſt to you.

Fol. Well, ſee you are, and let's hear from you again, as ſoon as you can — In the mean time, do you two go to the Captain; — You know whither I am going; —— Farewell. *Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT. IV. SCE. 5.

Enter

Cis, *Sola.*

Cis. THat I could meet with Mr. *Afterwit* now; — He'll never get ſuch another opportunitie — And at home, 'tis vain to think it. *Enter Folly.*

Fol. Oh! *Cis*! —Well met — 'Tis my good Girle. [*He calls and kiſſes her.*]

Cis. Nay piſh — Stand away — Come; — Do what you will, but don't you rumple my Handkercher.

Fol. Alas poor thing — I warrant, you much-minded; what I ſpake to you of laſt: — Have you ever ſaid any thing to your Miſtreſs about it?

Cis. Yes that I have --And ſhe likes him well enough;--But ſhe will never marry, without her fathers conſent--She loves him well, but her fathers Eſtate better.

Fol. A good crafty wench -- Let us but ſecure her, I'll warrant her the Eſtate: -- And if thou doeſt it *Cis.* --I'll promiſe thee a good portion, and a better husband.

Cis. What would you have me do?

Fol. Loſe no opportunity of commending Mr. *Afterwit* to her: -- A Gentleman -- A fine man -- A handſome man -- A proper man -- And you dare warrant, a good womans man: — And hearkyou, you may tell her, how *Tyro*, had hir'd a couple of Fellows, to *Hector* him, and that he came off bravely: —— And all this for he.

Cis. Indeed Sir, I will not fail you in a tittle.

Fol. But were't not poſſible, to get her to *Mopus*'s, to have her fortune read?

Cis. Suppoſe I ſhould? --What then?

Fol. The work were done.

Cis. Then trouble not your ſelf -- She made me ſteal out before and is juſt following me to that purpoſe: --- But hang him; — He knows as much as my Horſe— I had almoſt told her, how *Tim.* and

I cheated him with ſome dead Ale in a Urinal, inſtead of my Maſters water; but that Mr. *Scruple*, and my old Miſtreſs, have ſo cry'd him up.

Fol. Have a care of ſtories -- They may ſpoil all -- The Fellow is ignorant enough, there's no doubt of 't -- But yet as long as they believe him knowing, will be eaſilie able, to do my friend's buſineſs; -- 'Prithee deſire her to make him ſhew her, her husbands face in a glaſs; -- Doubt nothing, but follow your inſtructions -- I muſt to *Afterwitt*, and let him know, whither his Miſtreſs is going.

Cis. Well -- Truſt to me -- Be gone -- I hear her coming. [*Exit Folly at one door; Enter* Beatrice, *at another.*]

Bea. O *Cis* -- I am ſtol'n out, with much ado -- Shall we go? -- What do'ſt think of him?

Cis. Truly, I take him for a huge cunning man -- He has told all the Maids of the Pariſh, the ſtrangeſt things! -- And they ſay, can ſhew one, ones Sweethearts face in a glaſs.

Bea. If he can do that -- I'll believe him -- I am ſo ſtrangely troubled with dreams, it paſſes --

Cis. And ſo have I been too -- And thought ſeveral times, to tell you of a ſtrange thing in our houſe, but that I was afraid, you would laugh at me.

Bea. But tell me -- what was 't?

Cis. Why laſt New-years Eve, when all the houſe were in Bed I ſwept up the Hearth, and ſmooth'd the Aſhes, and next morning, found the Print of a Wedding Ring, and a Grave upon them -- I am confident we ſhall have a Wedding, and a Burial, out of our houſe this year -- My old Maſter dye, and my young Miſtreſs marry'd.

Bea. Away fool -- If I marry -- I promiſe you it ſhall not be *Tyro* -- 'Tis ſuch a piece of Ginger-bread!

Cis. Marrie hang him —'Tis all the News, that he hir'd a couple of Fellows, to murder Mr. *Afterwitt*; But he has paid 'um, to the purpoſe: —And they ſay, the quarrel was about you.

Bea. Then in ſhort time I ſhall be Town-talk, and work for Knights Adventurers: —— I ſhould be ſorry, he were hurt: -- I would -- But come, I long to hear, what this Fellow will tell me. *Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCE. 1.

Enter

Mopus, Folly, Afterwit.

Fol. MAke haſte —— I left 'um coming — [*The Bell rings.*] Here they are.

Mo. Then do you ſtep into the next Room —— And when you hear me cry — *Jubeo* — Take the ſmall ſtool in your hand, and come in, and ſtand upon it behind her Chair, and look upon the glaſs —— But be ſure, when you have done, to take the ſtool away with you.

Fol. I muſt be gone —— I have appointed *Hunter* —— Have you prepar'd the Aldermans Doſe?

Mo. 'Tis here —— [*He ſhews a ſmall Viol.* ——] And as ſoon as I have diſpatch't you, I am reſolv'd to viſit him, and give him half a ſcore drops of it in ſomewhat or other; but ſo qualify'd, it ſhall onlie diſtemper him, but do him no further hurt — A glaſs of ſtomack water, will fetch him again, while you ſay what's this. [*Enter Boy.*]

Boy. Sir, there is a Gentlewoman or two at door, deſire to ſpeak with you.

Mo. Deſire them to walk in: — | Here, here — This way — And you there: —— [*Exeunt Folly, Afterwit, Boy ſeverally.*] So, if this take, I ſhall ſave my Credit, and get good money to boot: —— [*Enter Beatrice, Cis.*] Madam — Your ſervant — What ſervice have you for me.

Bea. I have heard my mother ſo talk of you, I could not be quiet, till I came to you too.

Mo. I am not wont to make my Art common —— But do you propoſe what you will, and I'll do my beſt to reſolve you.

Bea. Then trulie Sir, I have been extreamlie troubled with dreams, and would fain know, what they mean.

Mo. And ſhall (Madam) if Art can do't — Dreams, are certain motions, or fictions, of the Soul, ſignifying, ſome good or evil to come; wherein notwithſtanding, we chiefly regard, how the Moon ſtands affected: —— What were yours? *Bea.*

Bea. Methought my father was choſen Lord Mayor, and that *Cis*, and I, were pounding Spices, to make an entertainment — And at laſt, methought, we fell together by the ears in our ſmock ſleeves.

Mo. For the firſt, 'twas an ill ſign —— A ſign of your fathers death —— For Death, is like the Mayor of a Town within his own Corporation; Subject to none, and has no Companions: —Then, as to your pounding of ſpices —— That betokens Matrimonie —— For the Peſtle, repreſents the man, and the Mortar, the woman: — Laſtly as to your fighting — Infallibly the ſame; And that, the rather, the perſons being ſtrip't, as you ſay they were: — Have you more?

Bea. Yes Sir —— Methought I was marry'd to a man, with a great Jolt-head.

Mo. A ſign of dignity: —If there had been a brazen face to't, the better; for 'tis the firſt ſtep to't.

Bea. There were divers others ——But I have forgot 'um; Pray be pleas'd to give me ſome general hints, that I may the better obſerve 'um for the future.

Mo. Any thing (good Madam) to ſerve you: —— To dream of loſs of eyes, betokens help; For moſt men help the blind; —— If but one eye, but half what was expected: —— For a marry'd woman to dream of beheading; Loſs of her Husband; ——To a Maid; Loſs of her Maiden-head: —— Of Leeks, and Cheeſe; that ſhe ſhall marry a Welchman; —— Of hanging; Matrimony; for they both go, by one deſtiny.

Bea. Pretty indeed — Pray Sir ſome more,

Mo. To dream of loſs of fingers, betokens, want of employment, to a Lawyer; —Of broken Pates; good luck, to Chyrurgions: —Of cutting high Capers, hanging, to a Thief: —— Of a Midwife; revealing of ſecrets: —— Of Graſs-hoppers, and Crickets; more words, than performance: —— Of a Poſt, and Pillars; a Mayor, and Aldermen: —— Of a Calves head, and Purtenants; a Foreman and his Fellows! —— Of being a Bed with a handſome Lady; ill luck, becauſe 'tis not true: —— Of having a true friend —

Bea. I, what ſign's that?

Mo. A ſign he's miſtaken: —— But enough of this —— Good Madam, your hand.

Bea. Here — And pray tell me my Fortune.

Mo

Mo. I cannot make it better, or worse; But such as it is, you shall know presently. — [*He pores on her hand.* ---] A fair Table --- The line of riches well extended --- Very large wheels of fortune — You will be a good house-keeper — Rich —— and fortunate: — These lines, betoken, Husbands; —You will have — Let me see — If your first Husband dyes before the mark's out of your mouth; A second —— And then perhaps a third: —These Interfarings; Children; ——You will have —— Some half a dozen, more, or less: —Yet once again -- Pray let me see how your hand agrees with my Books. [*He steps to the Table, and turns his Book and Globe.*]

Bea. What think'st thou of him *Cis?*

Cea. No doubt but it is all true. —They say. he can shew ones Sweethearts face in a glass; good Madam remember to try him.

Mo. You shall have a Husband, in a very short time: —— As to his person —— He is, &c. [*He describes Afterwitt.*] He has some incumbrances upon his estate at present, but shall recover them all, and be very happy, fortunate, and honourable.

Bea. But does he love me?

Mo. I am sure he does--And without him, you'll be very unhappy: —— He is a most excellent person — He receives his knowledge, from *Mercury*, in *Virgo* —— His compleatness of body, from *Caput Draconis*, in *Gemini* — *Saturn* and *Venus*, in *Libra*, direct him to the light of nature —— *Fortuna Major*, and *Populus*, figures of *Geomancy*, give him health —And *Puella*, befriends him: —*Mars* in *Cancer*, is his Enemy —*Jupiter* in *Capricorne*, somewhat uncertain and two Ideas of *Geomancy*, conspire against him —— But he shall receive Treasures from the Sun, and Jewels from the Moon, and his Gardian Angel shall defend him, and make the spightful Dragon, bite his Tail, in *Sagittarius*, because he cannot be reveng'd of him.

Bea. But is't not possible to see this excellent person?

Mo. 'Tis a thing, I rarely do —— I seldom practise beyond the stars —But if you'll promise me to sit quiet, and not talk it abroad, I will for once, shew you the height of Art.

Bea. Well Sir —I promise ——But pray, no noise,

Mo. No—He shall rise with Musick: Boy. —— [*Enter Boy.*] My glass; And the enchanted Chair: [*Exit Boy. Mopus draws a Circle.*]

Bea. Oh —Good Sir have a care!

Mo.

Mo. Be ſtill — The Spirit knows my meaning, and I dare not baulk him: — Fear not, you are as ſafe, as if you were in your fathers houſe: —— [*Enter Boy, with a Glaſs, and greaning Chair.*] Here Madam -- Sit down; And you, Sweetheart, at your Miſtreſſes feet: — Sirrah— [*He ſpeaks aſide to the Boy.* ——] Take your Lute, and when you ſee the Gentleman preparing to come in, play a Leſſon or two. [*Exit Boy.*] Now Madam, ſit ſtill —— And fear nothing. [*He takes his Book, waves his Rod, and reads.*

MAZAL TOB.

Bombomachides Cluninſtaridyſarchides, qui præpoſitus es Utopiæ, & Terram incognitam ſolus delineaſti — Conjuro, & confirmo te, & ſuper te (O nihilum Potens !) Per nomen Stellæ, quæ eſt ſine nomine —— Per Solſtitium Solis, & Lunæ Dodecatimarion —— Per Tiberii Spintrium, & Claudii Apolocuntheoſin —— Per Cingulum Veneris, & Garragantuæ ταῦεσν —— Per Alpha — Beta -- Gamma -- Delta ---- Coph -- Reſch —— Schin —Tau — Per omnia Prædicta, & alia ubicunque quæ nunquam fuerunt, nec uſquam futura ſunt — Conjuro ſuper te, Bombomachides (occulta qualitas, & tamen magne) quod relictis Agris Gurguſtidoniis, & Gogmagogorum antiquiſſimæ ſede, in inſtanti venias, pro me labores, & perimpleas omnem petitionem hujus Dominæ, juxta velle, & votum ſuum —— Veni —— Veni —— Veni — Per omnia Prædicta —— Jubeo — Veni.

[*The Lute playes — — Enter Afterwit, looks over her Chair, as directed; and after a little time, Exit.*]

[*Beatrice and Cis riſe, and look behind the Chair.*]

Now Madam, you have ſeen the *Ne plus ultra* of Art; And if I might adviſe you, I would have you comply with your deſtiny; — without it, you will be miſerable.

Bea. And perhaps with it: -- Do you know the Gentleman?

Mo. I never ſaw him in my life, till now -- But me thought, he had a promiſing aſpect, and agree'd in every thing, with what I told you before — Do you know the face?

Bea. Yes —— And if my father were conſenting to't it ſhould be the firſt thing I would.

Mo.

Mo. I can but wiſh you well — Yet one thing I'll do — 'tis yet in my power — If you have no mind to him, avoid ſeeing him, before you have ſlept, and let me know it, before Sun-riſing to morrow, and I may prevent it: — If otherwiſe, 'tis paſt the Art of man.

Bea. I thank you Sir — [*She gives him money.* —] O *Cis*, What ſhall I do — Is there no back way? — If I can but miſs him now I'm well enough,

Cis. Have a good heart Madam -- What muſt be, will be.

Mo. You had beſt let my Boy conduct you: Boy! [*Enter Boy.*] You know the back way to the *Aldermans* — Shew it this Lady, and wait on her, as far as ſhe pleaſes to command you. [*Exeunt Beatrice, Cis. Boy.* —] Your ſervant -- So, ſo, things go as they ſhould -- Where are you Sir? [*Enter Aſterwitt.*] Your work s as good as done: -- Shee 's gone the back way -- You will eaſily get before her, upon the turn of the ſtreet -- Now's your opportunity -- Make haſte and meet her, and ſhe cann't refuſe you.

Aſt. 'Twas well contriv'd — Your ſervant. *Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCE 2.

Enter

Bilboe, Mrs. D. Diligence.

Bil. I Thought what you were -- Is this your going to Repetition? -- I'll tell my Landlord.

Mr *D.* Indeed I could not help it -- I could never be rid of him -- But I am ſure, I alwayes lov'd you beſt -- I hope you will not undo a woman.

Bil. Nay -- Nay -- That's nothing to me -- I am reſolv'd -- Unleſs you engage to do one thing.

M. *D.* Any thing good Mr. *Bilboe*, that I can -- What is it?

Bil. When will the *Alderman* be here?

M. *D.* At Night, after the Watch is ſet -- What then?

Bil. Why — You muſt join with me to Trepan him, — It may be worth us a 1000 l.

M. *D.* 'Tis impoſſible — No one will believe him to be ſuch a man.

Bil.

Bil. They'll never know it: —— He'll be hang'd ere he let the buſineſs come upon the ſtage.

M. D. I'll never yield to it:--You ſhall have what money you will--

Bil. Hang money — Fly Braſs, the Devil's a Tinker. [*Enter Double Diligence.* —] Honeſt Landlord!-- I ſee you are for the Watch —Twenty to one but I beat up your quarters —— I'll make you run y'faith.

D. D. Yes —— After you Major -- I have done it forty times.

Bil. VVhy how now man? — Melancholly? —Thou lookeſt as if thy head were full of Accounts.

D. D. And truly you are right —— I was juſt conſidering how to patch up my Account with Mr. *Alderman* —— Indeed he ties me to hard meat -- I cannot take a Rat, but he makes me account to him, for half-profits; and yet, I allow him as good as 40 *l.* a year, for the keeping of one poor-Gate; —— Would I were once Overſeer of the Poor, or Church-warden, there where ſomewhat to be got by that -- I m ſure, this will hardly keep life, and ſoul together.

Bil. Hang care -- I'll tell thee what -- Thou haſt the honeſteſt woman to thy wife, this day in the Pariſh . -- Poor ſoul how ſhe's been plagued by this *Alderman*!

M. *D.* Nay Major -- What d' you mean? [*She pulls him by the Elbow.*] You won't, I hope? -- Major --

Bil. She was aſhamed to tell you't her ſelf, and would not be quiet till I had promiſed to do it —— This old Goat is perpetually ſolliciting her —Would one think it?--Troth I ſhould have gueſt him fuller of *Mercury*, than *Venus*; But a man may be deceived.

D. D. How! —— The *Alderman*? — See what 'tis to have an honeſt woman to ones wife — I warrant you now had ſhe been right (as they ſay) ſhe had never diſcovered it: —Now my dear Chick, how I love thee!

Bil. Leave your ſlobbering, and conſider what to do: -- My advice is, that we Trepan him —— The Thief is rich, and will bleed well.

D. *D*, That would be ſomewhat! —But how is 't to be done?

Bil. He will be here by that time the Watch is ſet; —— The Captain, and I will do't.

D, *D*. If we could get a good round Sum between us, 'twould do no hurt -- You may compound with the Captain for a ſmall matter.

Bil. Let me alone with him;--He's hard at hand--I'll fetch him;--Don't you be out of the way. [*Exit Bil.*]

D. D. Indeed wife, this is a providence and may do us good:--'Grant we may make a right uſe of 't. [*Enter* Whitebroth.]

wh. Not gone yet!--I muſt rattle him:--[*Aſide to himſelf.*]

D. D. Save your good Worſhip Sir.

Wh. Alas Mr. *Double Diligence*! That you ſhould be thus negligent of the peace of the Kingdom!--Don't you know there are a number of dangerous people abroad, and your Watch not ſet yet!--Now truly but you are too blame, and I could find in my heart to have you complain'd of.

D. D. I was juſt going--Your Worſhip ſees I am ready.

wh. Pray keep your Watch together and walk your Round in perſon--You cannot be too ſecure:--Here:--Here's ſomewhat for your Watch to drink--I have giv n 'um nothing a great while.

D. D. 'Tis a Four-pence-half-penny Sir--Will your Worſhip be pleas'd to have the odd half-penny again.

wh. No no--No matter--Let it go for a Cruſt.

D, D. We thank your Worſhip. [*Exit Double Diligence.*]

Wh. I juſt met my Doctor, and he has given me the rareſt Cordial--Methinks I am ſo flippant!--Now my little Mouſe!--How do you?--Shall we walk in?

M. D. Indeed Sir, I am ſomewhat ill. [*He coſls her.*]

Wh. Prithee leave theſe excuſes--Thou know'ſt I love thee.

Bil. See Captain--See!--[*Bilboe, and Titere Tu, peep in.*]

T. T. Ah the old Rogue!

Wh. Come, come--You muſt--I've had no Rent a good while.

M. D. Indeed Sir we've a hard bargain of't:--I hope your Worſhip will conſider us againſt next quarter.

Wh. Why?--You pay me no money--You know I take it out, (as they ſay.)

M. D. I but Mr. *Scruple*'s very hard upon my Husband, and won't believe, but he has a double Leaſe.

wh. I'll order that hereafter--'Prithee come--The Cuckold is ſecure--Good faith you ſhall.

M. D. I cannot;--Nor will I--Pray unhand me. [*They ſtruggle: Enter Bilboe, and Titere Tu, with their Swords drawn.*]

Bil.

Bil. How's this? —My Landlady!—Cuckold my honeſt Landlord! -- Kill him -- Kill him -- [*They both lay at him with the flat of their Swords.*]

Wh. Good Gentlemen -- Spare my life -- Oh -- Oh --

T. T. Hold —Hold—Better geld him.

Bil. Agreed -- Agreed. [*M. D. runs in.*]

Wh. O good Gentlemen -- 'Twill break my wifes heart -- Good Gentlemen —I am an *Alderman.*

Bil. Thou an *Alderman*? —I'll undertake he ſtole this Chain —Gi' me 't. — [*Bilboe takes it off, and pockets it.*] I'll find out the truth.

T. T. Come Brother -- Uncaſe —Uncaſe. [*They ſtrip him to his Canvas Doublet, and Satten Skirts. Enter Double Diligence.*]

D. D. I had forgot my Night-Cap—How now!—What's here? -- Stand -- I require you in his Majeſties Name to keep the peace. -- Stand — What are you? —Thieves—Thieves—Down with 'um. Mr. *Alderman*! —Alas good Sir, what makes your Worſhip in this condition?

Bil. Landlord — I am confident this is no *Alderman* —The Rogue has ſerv'd my Landlady, a man would not ſerve a Dog ſo.

D. D. How! — Stick a Bulls feather in my Cap! — Make me a Knight o' th' forked Order! —Is this true Mr. *Alderman*? Is this true?

Wh. Failings brother *Diligence*, failings —Pray let the buſineſs be ended between our ſelves, and I will patiently ſubmit to a Church-rebuke.

D. D. One good Action, is worth two Rebukes, and three Chaſtiſements; — Pray Gentlemen keep him here, till I fetch the Watch: —I will have it recorded to my own honour, the example of all ſucceeding Conſtables, and terrour of Juſtices, That a Conſtable once in his time, laid a Juſtice of Peace, by the heels: — I'll be with you inſtantly. (*He offers to go out, Whitebroth ſtops him.*)

Wh. Good Neighbour —This will be as great a ſcandal to our Fellowſhip, as that abomination of the Elders Maid in *Bell-yard.*

Bil. Hold Landlord — Is he an *Alderman* in earneſt?

D. D. Yes, yes —But I'll Alderman him. (*Bil. holds him.*

Bil. By no means — Stay —— The old Gentleman may take cold —— Pray Sir put on your Cloaths —— 'Twas well I ask't the queſtion ——I would not have it go further for 5000 *l.* ——An *Alderman*!

Wh. Thank you good Sir —Pray take up the buſineſs.

Bil. Come Landlord — Hang't -- 'Tis done, and can't be help't. —— He ſhall give you a 1000 *l.*

D. D. A thouſand pound — Out upon't ——

Wh. A 1000 *l.* Sir —— Alas, I thought 10 *l.* or ſo.

Bil. How! — 10 *l.* — 'Send we make him accept a 1000. —— 'Tis a foul buſineſs, the more you ſtir, the worſe 'twill be — Will you refer't to me? -- I hope to deſerve a 100 *l.* of you my ſelf.

Wh. What you will — But pray beat it as low as you can.

Bil. Come Landlord — What ſay you? — The Gentleman's willing to give you a 1000 *l.*

Wh. Oh — Undone --- I'm a poor man.

D. D. Tell me of a thouſand pound!

T. T. Nay now Mr. *Conſtable*, you're unreaſonable.

D. D. Well then, let him throw in the Leaſe of my houſe too -- And (for your ſake Major) I'll do't.

Bil. He ſhall --- He ſhall -- Burn it; --'tis but an old houſe--giv't him --- Troth I was afraid we ſhould not have got him ſo low ---- You heard what he ſaid, 'twas for my ſake too -- I hope you'll conſider it.

Wh. Well — If it muſt be ſo ---- No more words of't — I'll ſend you a 1000 *l.* to morrow, and conveigh over the houſe, when you pleaſe: —— Oh —— Oh —— An undone man.

Bil. In the mean time, a Bond (as you uſe to ſay) for mortalities ſake, would do no hurt.

Wh. What you will — I muſt obey.

Bil. Be not troubled — The fleſh, was good fleſh, and worth the money.

Wh. But the ſauce though, was Deviliſh dear.

Bil. Hark you Landlord —— Run to your Neighbour *Squeeze* the Scrivener, for a couple of blank Bonds —— Make haſte —— And when the work's done, we'll drink abundantly; and remember the Founder.

D. D. Truly I like it well?—Exceeding well—It is good to be thankful:—— Pray take the *Alderman* in, and I'll be with you instantly. *Exeunt severally.*

ACT. V. SCE. 3.

Enter

Afterwit, Beatrice, Cis.

Aft. NOW you see Madam to how little purpose,
We cross our Stars:——

Bea. Had you but mist me now,
I should have ventur'd that, and perhaps stav'd,
That misery, which alwayes follows rashness.

Aft. Trust me:—I warrant you things will go right:
Now for a small hedge Priest to make the knot,
We'll tye it faster, as we've better leisure. [*Enter Run. Fol.*]
Keep back a little—I would not have them see us yet. [*Exeunt Aft. Bea.*]

Run. Indeed I wont—You have been large to me already—— [*Folly would press money upon him.*] You must excuse me.

Fol. Upon one condition I may.

Run. What's that good Sir?

Fol. That you will give me leave to put it i' the Diurnal—

Run. I must confess I should be loth to be the Author of so ill a president:—— But if I should take it; how shall I be able to serve your friend?

Fol. I have told you.

Run. Hah—But such an opportunity will never happen.

Fol. I am certainly inform'd he's now upon't:— For being taken very ill of a sudden, he has resolv'd to publish that draught, which you made for him, and has lain in your hands ever since his last sickness: Now instead of that, let him seal and deliver this settlement upon my friend, in consideration of Marriage with his Daughter, and the work's done:— Besides, if he should discover it, I have him so sure upon other Accounts, he dares not mutter:— [*Runter peruses the Deed.*]

Run,

Ru. You are a notable Gentleman — You have done extream prudently, in leaving a blank for the firſt words, *This Indenture, &c.* And that the parchment is plain at top: — I will fill it up, with *In Nomine Dimini*, for fear ſome one ſhould look over my ſhoulder while 'tis doing; when once 'tis over, 'tis eaſie indenting it, and ſcraping out, *In Nomine Domini*; and inſtead thereof, putting in, *This Indenture made, &c.* Truſt me with it.

Fol. Shall my friend depend upon you?

Ru. D' you think me a Knave —— A word's enough: — Yet if you would be rul'd by me, I would adviſe you to engage Mr. *Scruple* in the buſineſs; He will be able to do much in't.

Fol. Will a Parſonage of 300 l. a year do't? — If it will, my friend has ſuch a one newly fall'n, and giv'n me order (as I ſee occaſion) to preſent it him —— But do you think he will conform?

Ru. I warrant you he does both — Leave it to me to make him —— I muſt confeſs he has been ſomewhat violent heretofore, but of late I can aſſure you, very inſtrumental: —— [*Enter Scruple.*] Here he comes —— Pray leave us not, there will be little ſaid, but what you may be privy to: —— Save you Mr. *Scruple.*

Sc. And your Worſhip too: — I have been looking you every where —— Mr. *Alderman* preſents you with that health he wants himſelf, and deſires you to come to him, and bring with you, that draught of his Will, which was engroſt when he was laſt ſick — I left that learned Artiſt Dr. *Mopus* with him, who ſhakes his head, and wonders at this ſudden alteration —— He ſayes, they drank a glaſs of Ale together but few hours before; But truly now, he doubts him.

Ru. Why? what's the matter?

Sc. The Doctor had a hard word for 't, but I have quite forgot it: —— He is taken with a ſtrange ſcouring, and vomiting: The Doctor knows not what to make of him: —— Death is in 's face.

Ru. Alas poor Gentleman —— I'll wait on him immediately: —— That things ſhould fall ſo croſs! —— His Daughter is juſt marry'd.

Sc. How! Marry'd? — I am ſure he knows nothing of it — For his intention of ſending for you, was, That he might ſo diſpoſe his Eſtate, that the Court of Aldermen might not have the fingring of it.

Ru.

Ru. It can't be help't, 'tis done — But heark you — 'Tis to a worthy Gentleman, and one that has ſo great an eſteem for you, That having a Parſonage of 300 *l.* a year in his gift, and now void, he is reſolv'd to diſpoſe it to no one, till you have refus'd it.

Fol. This is true, I can aſſure you Sir; And by me, has made the offer to this Gentleman in your behalf; who, I think, knows me too well, to doubt the truth of 't.

Ru. Indeed I do — I'll take care your Preſentation ſhall be diſpatch't out of hand: — But — You muſt Conform.

Sc. Well — Well — That ſhall break no ſquares — 300 *l.* a year — I do aſſure you, a worthy Gentleman. [*Enter Afterwit, Beatrice, and Cis.*

Fol. He comes himſelf, and his fair Bride. — Madam! All Joy.

Bea. Of what? — Will you perſwade me into 't?

Sc. Indeed Mrs. *Beatrice*, give you much joy — In truth a very worthy Gentleman — I am ſorry it was not my good fortune to have yoak't you together.

Aft. Perhaps it may not be too late yet — You know wiſe men alwayes marry their Daughters both wayes — It is not impoſſible but that Mr. *Alderman* and my ſelf may be made friends — His Daughter is ſtill alive — How ſayes my Dear?

Bea. Nay piſh —

Aft. I ſhall be glad Sir to be better known to you; And hope my friend has made you a ſmall Preſent from me; Had it been better, your worth deſerves it.

Sc. Alas — Sweet Sir — I thank your love — I have accepted *That*, already — You are an obliging perſon.

Ru. Come Madam — You're melancholly — Be cheary — All will do well — Mr. *Scruple*; A word — I think it were not amiſs if you went before, and let him know, I am coming.

Sc. With all my heart — Have you any thing further, wherein I may ſerve this worthy perſon, and his Lady.

Ru. Why truly — Yes — You will do well to keep him in the ſame mind of making his Will — Since the young couple are together, and 'tis too late now, to part them, we muſt do ſomething to ſecure them an Eſtate.

Sc.

Sc. You ſay well — And I will join with you in any thing; — Provided alwayes, you carry it prudently, for fear of ſcandal: — A blot, is no blot, till it be hit.

Ru. You muſt have a care that no one be in the Room, but our ſelves: —— Not ſo much as his wife.

Sc, By no means —If they ſhould, I will cauſe 'um to withdraw, upon pretence of giving him ſome ghoſtly counſel, or the like: — Farewell ——You'll find me there.

Ru. Not a word —Make haſte --And be ſure to break the Marriage to the good woman, before the *Alderman* comes to know it -- Watch your time.

Sc. I warrant you. *Exit Scruple.*

Ru. Madam, your father has ſent for me, and I muſt leave you for the preſent; but you ſhall be ſure to hear from me ſuddenly: — In the mean time, if you pleaſe to repoſe your ſelves at my houſe, you ſhall be welcom: —You cannot be ſafer, nor nearer, if any occaſion ſhould be.

Omnes. With oll our hearts. *Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCE. 4.

Enter

Scruple, diſcourſing to himſelf.

Sc. THree hundred pounds a year, and conform: —A fair opportunity, and if I ſlip it, may I never have another: —— But heark you Mr. *Scruple* — You muſt ſubſcribe: —Well -- And I will do't:--But what will the Brethren ſay?--How will the ſiſters take it, when it ſhall be told 'um, *Virgregis Ipſe caper de erraverat?* -- Why -- 'Twas an act of my hand, not an Act of my heart: —— But ſtay -- What need this? --Has not the direction of the intention, a faculty to null promiſes? -- I take it, it has?-- What ſay the *Caſuiſts?* — If a man promiſes, and had no intention to perform when he made it, he is not oblig'd, unleſs there be an Oath, or Contract in the caſe; For, when a man ſayes ſimply, I will do thus, or thus, it ſhall be conceived, he meant, if his mind did not alter; for otherwiſe, were to deprive him of his natural liberty: —But there is an

an Oath in the case (friend *Scruple*) There is an Oath -- How will you do now? -- Well -- Suppose there be two: -- I take it, the case has been determin'd long since -- I may take it *pro forma*, by a previous protestation nevertheless, that it shall not be prejudicial to me, in any thing that I shall act to the contrary, hereafter; -- If not -- Our Brethren are clear in the point -- Equivocation, in cases of necessity, may be lawful; -- 'Tis a *Pia fraus*: -- I'm sure, at worst, it is a probable opinion, and all probable opinions are equally safe in themselves: -- But hold ye brother -- Are not Oaths to be taken according to the meaning of the Exactor of the Oath? -- Perhaps they are; —— What then? Suppose I bring a probable opinion for the meaning of the taker: —— The extreams are wide -- But I have found an expedient (and yet not mine, but our Brethrens still) The Swearer *is* not bound to the meaning of the prescriber of the Oath, or his own meaning —— How then? --Sweetly: -- To the reality of the *thing* sworn: -- I think the hair is split: -- But who shall be Judge of that? -- Of that hereafter: -- In the mean time -- Here is 300 l. a year, and a goodly house upon't: —— I will Conform, Reform, Transform, Perform, Deform, Inform, any Form: —— Form —— Form —— [*Enter Mrs Whitebroth, and Mrs. Mopus.*] 'Tis but one syllable, and has no very ill sound —— It may be swallowed.

M. *W.* Now bless the good man! —— What's that he sayes? Form --- Form -- Marry I hope you don't intend to Conform?

Sc. Form is a good word — A very good word — *Forma dat esse rei* — And without it (sister of mine) you could be neither seen, felt, heard, nor understood.

M. *M.* Now goodness defend him — In the highway to *Egypt* again.

Sc. Mistake me not — I am neither for Highwayes, nor High-places: —But —

M. *W.* But what? —— I hope you are not in earnest — Will you forsake the *Good old Cause*?

M. *M.* Mr. *Scruple* Spew up the *Holy Covenant*?

Sc. It forsook me, and not I it.

M. *W.* What will the vile Cavalier say?

M. *M.* How will the despisers of the *Brethren* bristle?

M. *W.* How will the old Enemy erect himſelf?

M. *M.* And the holy ſiſters be humbled?

M. *W.* Who ſhall carry on the great work?

M. *M.* Or perfect that which you have begun?

M. *W.* Mr. *Scruple* tranſmogrifie?

M. *M.* Ah no —— [*Both of them.* — Hui. --]

Sc. You ſay right — You are my workmanſhip —— I have been working you theſe twenty years, and you are wrought: —— But alas (I ſpeak not this to you) There are a number of diſſenting Brethren, and I have try'd 'um this way, and that way, and t'other way, and (to ſay Truth) every way, but never the nearer; And therefore, I'm ev'n reſolv'd, to try what the old way will do.

M. *W.* Ah Mr. *Scruple*! — Do you know what you ſay?-- The old way!

M. *M.* The old Whore! [*Both* —Hui, —]

Sc. Yes — The old way, though no old Whore; — Wherein notwithſtanding, I do no more then what ever was, is now, and ever will be: —— Mark what I ſay, and obſerve it; — Our Brother *Fox*, that had ſo little wit, as to write his Book of Martyrs, had yet enough, to keep himſelf, from being one of the number.

M. *W.* Ah -- What will become of the flock?

M. *M.* And the little Lambs, how ſhall they play?

M. *W.* Who ſhall deſtroy the Chicken of the Wolf?

M. *M.* And break the *Leviathan*'s Eggs, i' the ſhell?

Sc. Come (ſiſters of mine) you live on the blind ſide of the World; —— I find the Cauſe, and its intereſt, deſerted by moſt people, unleſs it be ſome few, That having found how ſweet a thing it is to head a Faction, make uſe of us, as the Monkey did of the Cats Paw, to ſcrape the Nuts out of the fire: —— I need ſay no more, unleſs it be, That I have a fair opportunity of 300 *l.* a year offer'd me.

M. *W.* I -- do -- do -- And ſee who'll repent it firſt: — Never expect more *Fryday* Night Suppers.

M. *M.* Nor the ſweet ſociety of Brethren, and ſiſters.

M. *W.* What fellowſhip is there in Stock-fiſh, and Oyle?

M. *M.*

M. *M.* Or, inſtead of Gellies, to be ſwill'd with Frummetrie?

N. *W.* To exchange your Veniſon, for Red Herrings, and Muſtard?

M. *M.* And Virgin Pullets, for Ling, and Haberdine? [*Scruple ſhakes his head and ſighs.* Huh. —]

M. *W.* Who will be gainers now?

M. *M.* Or whoſe the loſs, when this happens?

M. *W.* When the benevolence ſhall dwindle to an *Eaſter* penny.

M. *M.* And purifying Dinners, into crackt Groats.

M. *W.* When you're at charge of a Gown, for *Sundayes*, and *Holydayes*.

M. *M.* And the Caſſock, comes out of your own Pocket.

M. *W.* When the Boyes cry after you, it grows too faſt.

M. *M.* And the knot of your Suſſingle ſits in the wrong place. [*Again, but louder.* —Huh --Hu —]

M *W.* And will you then leave us? Let not 300 *l.* a year be any thing in the caſe; we will allow you four: —Pray conſider, Did we ever forſake you? What have you loſt by throwing your ſelf on your friends,? — If the worſt come to the worſt, rather than loſe you, we will forſake our carnal Husbands, and carnal Children, and march off, to *New-England* together.

Sc. Now cannot I forbear, but I muſt accept your 400 l. a year; — Let a man ſtrive never ſo much againſt it, natural affection will return upon him —Comfort your ſelves, That is to ſay, Be comforted, I will not forſake you — *Concluſum eſt contra*, &c. I will not Conform -- Nay, verily I will not.

M. *W.* Aa -- Mr. *Scruple*! [*They both hang on him.*] *Cough within.*

Sc. Heark! — I hear the *Alderman* — Run in — Run in — I'll follow you inſtantly. [*Exeunt* Mrs. *Whitelroth, and* Mrs. *Mopus.*] So — Now 'tis 400 l. a year, and not Conform: —— The women are good comfortable women, and I ought not in conſcience to leave 'um: —— But hear me Brother — What will you do with your new Parſonage? — Why — I — will —— get — ſome or other inſtituted, and inducted into 't, to ſave a Lapſe, and take a Bond of 500 l. of him, to reſign at ſix Months; which he will forfeit of courſe, as

not doubting but to be reliev'd againſt it, as Simonical: -- So -- There's 500 l. got too -- He's gone every way: -- At common Law 'tis his own Bond; In equity, he might have reſign'd: -- But why ſo faſt friend *Scruple*? Had not you as good ſell it out-right to avoid diſpute? -- I cannot tell -- But now I remember me, The *Caſuiſts* take a notable difference, that is to ſay, between money given (*pro valore Beneficii*) as the full price, and (*tanquam motivum ad reſignandum*) for your good will, or ſo; -- The firſt, they generally agree to be Simony; but for the latter, they leave it as a controverted point, poſitively deny'd by very few, but ſuch as have money to give. [*Enter Whitebroth, led by Mopus and Timothy, Whitebroth Coughs,*] Alas good Sir! -- How does your Worſhip? — Pray Sir how do you like him?

Mo. Troth but ill; I m half afraid of him.

Wh. Who's that? Mr. *Scruple*?

Sc. Yes Sir -- How do you?

Wh. Uh -- Uh -- Very ill -- Is the Doctor coming?

Sc. He'll be here immediately -- Poor man! He was half diſtracted when I brought him the News -- [*Enter Runter*] He s come -- How he ſweats with haſte!

Ru. My dear Friend, how do you?

Wh. Oh -- Oh -- ill, ill: — Uh -- Uh -- Uh -- Have you brought my old Will with you? —— Let me ſee't! Uh -- Uh -- Uh --

Ru. Yes Sir, here 'tis. [*Runter gives it whitebroth. He peruſes it.*]

Sc. Indeed Sir 'tis piouſly, and diſcreetly done, to ſettle Affairs ſo, that there may be no wrangling, in caſe you ſhould do otherwiſe than well,

Mo. I wonder my Boy comes not — I have ſent him for a *Roſy-Crucian* preparation, has fetcht a man again, after he has been dead a day, and half: -- I hope it may do good; However, for fear of the worſt, you do well to ſettle your Eſtate, it may eaſe your head.

wh. Uh —Uh —Uh — Here Doctor —Put ſome wax to't; -- Set the Table nearer —— And give me my Seal — [*Runter in putting on the wax, puts the change upon him; he ſigns and ſeals the falſe Deed and Coughs all the while,*]

Ru.

Ru. Sir you are weak; —— Do you deliver this as your Act an Deed?

Wh. Yes —— I do —— Pray Gentlemen be Witneſſes to it [*Enter Boy. They witneſs it.*]

Mo. Oh —— Are you come at laſt —— Here Sir ——— Here's the moſt ſoveraign Cordial in all the World -- I was ſeven years, in making one poor pint, and half of't.

Wh. I thank you Sir --- He drinks --- Uh -- Uh -- It warms me ſtrangelie -- Uh -- Oh --

Mo. Pray forbear Coughing; -- You are weak -- How do you feel your ſelf now?

Wh. I cannot tell —— But methinks it does me good.

Mo. I ſee by this ſudden operation, 'twill do the work: --. You were beſt to walk in, and reſt your ſelf in your Couch a while, before the fire.

Ru. I muſt run home a little, upon ſome urgent occaſions, but will ſee you again preſently. *Exeunt ſeverally*

ACT. IV. SCE. 5.

Enter

D. Diligence, and his wife; Bil. T. T. The men, drunk.

Bil. WHy Captain —— What? All a mort?

T. T. Faith I was contemplating upon the pence.

Bil. And thou ſhal't have 'um Boy —— See here my Bully! ——— [*He pulls out whitebroth's Chain.* ——] Here's that will fetch 'um.

M. D. Dear Major give it me.

Bil. Thou ſhal't have any thing my Jo: — Captain Courage! We'll be merry to Night, and have a Wedding, though't be but a *Weſtminſter* one.

T. T. What you will.

D. D. Well ſaid Major: —— Ah for a Fiddle now: ——— Odds Nigs!

Bil. I hate thoſe Puritan Oaths — If thou muſt ſwear, ſwear like a man of Office.

D. D.

D. *D.* The old Boy ſtill —— Now could I Caper through the Moon : —— Hey Toſſe —— Hang one Fiddle, we'll have a whole Kennel : —— Come you Jade — Dance

M. *D.* Alas Major —— How pittifully my Husband is cut ! — He'll be ſo ſick to morrow morning.

Bil. Yes faith ; —He has got a Rattle as big as a Drum.

D. *D.* Major ! —— A word —— Do you think my Wife's a Whore :

Bil. Such another word —— And --- By all the bones of my back --

D. *D.* Nay good Major —— I was once a little jealous, till ſhe told you of the *Alderman* — But now, I dare truſt her to Lecture by her ſelf.

M. *D.* What's that you ſay of me ? [*Enter Afterwit, Beatrice, Jolly, Runter, Cis.*]

D. *D.* Stand — Who comes there ? — Knock 'um down ? --- What are you ? -- I am the Conſtable.

Aft. The Fellow's mad.

M. *D.* No Sir, he's only a little overtaken as they ſay.

D. D. Stand off --- Down with um --- Stand --- Treaſon --- I command you to apprehend one another.

Fol. Many a good time, has this Fellows head been broke, to keep the peace whole -- 'Prithee take him away.

Bil. Landlord-- They're friends.

D. *D.* Which —— Where —— Here I could have 'um, and there I could have 'um : —— [*He fences with his ſtaffe* : ——] Mr. *Runter* ! —I profeſs I knew you not.

Ru. Then ha done now — Come Gentlemen, What ſay you ? The buſineſs muſt be diſcovered firſt or laſt, and as good now (and perhaps better) than another time.

Aft. I like it well —— But think it were not amiſs to leſſon the Company -- We will not appear all at once.

Eu. However let 'um be within call.

Fol. Pray Gentlemen keep together — We ſhall have occaſion to uſe you preſently.

Bil. You ſee my Arm's in a Scarf —— Much cannot be expected from me : — But for a dead lift, we'll make a ſhift to change hands : —Gi' the word of command there, faces about, &c.

Fol.

Fol. And hear me Major —— Lend me your Chain: —— And let it be your care to provide ſome abominable Muſick: —— We'll bring him to our Bow, or run him to death with Fidlers: —

Bil. I warrant you — Here — [*He gives him the Chain. Exeunt all, but Folly. Aft. Bea.* —— *To them, Enter Sir. Mrs. whitebroth.*]

M. *w.* How! Marry'd? O my Child — My Child!

Sc. You might have believ'd me ſooner —— How often have I told you ſhe was in her *Teenes?* —— And you know *Teene, quaſi Teeming*: — I may be a little tree with you —— Young Girls are like Nuts, you muſt gather them when they begin to be brown at bottom, or they'll fall of themſelves.

M. *W.* But truly, I hope it is not ſo plain as you make it.

Sc. How think you? [*Afterwit and Beatrice, come up and kneel.*]

M. *w.* O my Child, my Child — Thy father is prettie hoddie again, but this will break his heart quite — O my Child — Has he not hurt thee? [*Enter Whitebroth, Mopus, Timothy. After them, Mrs. Mopus.*]

Aft. No great ſign of death Mother.

wh. What's all this clutter? —— Here's a noiſe for a ſick man, with all my heart! —— [*Afterwit and Beatrice kneel to him*] How's this?

Sc. Nothing but Matrimonie Sir, and Conjugal Love.

Wh. And were you Pimp to't? — I hope you have made ſure of her portion — I can aſſure you her Grandfather left her not ſo much as a grey Groat.

Aft. I have enough in her.

Wh. Much good may't do you.

Bea. Good Sir forgive me.

wh. Out of my doors —— The wench is pretty handſome, and will be able to get her own living, if the Pariſh will but keep the Children.

Aft. I muſt not hear this language — Know you this — A good honeſt ſettlement upon my ſelf. [*He ſhews the Deed,*] And your Daughter in conſideration of marriage.

Wh.

wh. Ha! Settlement! And in consideration of Marriage!—I was not drunk sure! —When was this done?

Aſt. Only a little Crop ſick — Verie lately.

Sc. Indeed Sir, you deſir'd this Gentleman, and my ſelf, to be Witneſſes to it — I know my hand again.

Mo. I ſaw you ſign, ſeal, and deliver it.

wh. I publiſh't onlie my Will.

Mo. I know not what your meaning was; but you deliver'd it as your Act, and Deed.

wh. Timothy — Fetch me the Conſtable.

Fol Sir, he'll ſave you that trouble; I met him juſt coming to you, about a ſuſpitious perſon, whom he apprehended with This Chain in his pocket. [*He ſhews the Chain.*] You cannot imagine whoſe it ſhould be? [*Whi ebroth makes no anſwer, but holds up his hands, and walks;* —*Enter full butt upon him, Bilboe, Double Diligence, Titere Tu, and Mrs. Double Diligence.*]

wh. Cheated —— Cheated —— As I'm an *Alderman*, purely Cheated.

Aſt. How can that be -- You have the Reputation, of as ſhrewd a man, as any upon the Bench.

wh. Ah — Rogues all — Rogues all — [*He walks again.*]

Fol. What ſay you Sir? Here's the Conſtable now: —— Come, come, be wiſe: — Your Daughter has marry'd a Gentleman: —— Is not this better, than a *Smithfield* bargain?— Give me ſo much money, and my Horſe ſhall leap your Mare.

wh. Don't worrie me with words — I'll conſider of't.

Sc. Good Sir — Marriages are made in Heaven.

Wh. Then I'll be ſworn, I had nev'r a friend there.

Cis. Truly nor I neither — For indeed methinks they are very long in coming down. [*Aſide.*]

Sc. Now verily Sir, but this is a juſt judgment upon you, for hoarding up your moneys, and ſuffering the *Good Old Cauſe* to ſtarve.

wh. Scriech-owle: —— But where's my Doctor?

Fol. Why troth Sir (you cannot blame him) he is ſomewhat loth to appear, till he ſee how things are like to go: — Come, pray Sir.

Wh.

Wh. Well Sir——I ſee by this Chain, the Major and you, underſtand one another——Let's have no more words——All parties ſhall be ſatisfy'd—Give me it.

Fol. There——And may you long live to wear it:——You may come down——All's well——[*To Runter, peeping above.*]

Wh. Come Son and Daughter, the buſineſs is done, and I forgive you both——And if that ſettlement be not large enough, I'll make you a new one upon demand——You ſhall have your own Eſtate back, in preſent, and as you love your Wife, the reſt after our deaths:——And ſo, you have my bleſſing,

Aſt. Bea. [*Kneel.*] We thank you Sir.

Wh. Come, let's be merrie—And as late as 'tis ſend for the Muſick;—We muſt have a Dance, at leaſt.

Fol. See what 'tis to forecaſt a mans buſineſs right;—They are gone for, and will be here inſtantly.

Wh. But we forgot the main thing, the Poſſet:—Quickly *Cis*, and get one readie. *Exit Cis.*

M. W. How's this? Muſique! Dancing! Poſſet!—Are they lawful good Mr. *Scruple?*

M. M. Are they not, Raggs of of the Whore?

Sc. Thereafter as they may be us'd——I will conſider it a little, and give you my opinion——[*He walkes. Enter Runter,*]

Wh. O my Doctor——You're a fine Gentleman—Good faith you are.

Ru. Who I?——I care not if all my faults were writ in my forehead:—— [*Enter Tyro.*]

Wh. It muſt be in ſhort hand then, or there will want Room.

Fol. Here's *Tyro* too——Your ev'n come time enough to dance at your Miſtreſſes Wedding;

Ty. How! My Miſtreſſes Wedding?

T. T. Even ſo——Alas that I had but known of this before!

Ru. Women will have their wills—Let her go—I have another gueſs thing, in chaſe for you.

Ty. And ſhall I have her?

Ru. Thou ſhalt---And heark you — (*Runter having whiſper'd him, he ſhrugs, and ſcratches his elbow.*)

Sc, Hum — I am full; and ſhall diſcourſe 'um gradualie: — And firſt, of the firſt — Muſick;—Yes certainlie, it is lawful — But what Muſick? That's the queſtion:——We'll examine it a little — Cimbals, they are Jewiſh,——The Harp, malignant, and Iriſh;——Organs, Antichriſtian;——The Fluit, a meer Horn-pipe;——The Fiddle, Out upon't! Moſt abominable, it uſhers in Revels, and May-poles: — VVhat then?—VVhy truliе I agree with the Aſſembly—Bag-pipes;—A harmleſs, innocent Muſick, and moſt agreeable, to the Diſcipline, and practice, of our Brethren of the Kirk:—Beſides, it has (as the Learned obſerve) a ſpecifick qualitie, to molifie, and ſoften the moſt brutal natures---VVitneſs, the Bears,---*Emollit mores nec ſinit eſſe feros.*——But ſecondly, for Dancing——VVhy truly, that may be lawful too---But here too, the point will be the ſame;—VVhat Dancing?—Countrey Dances; they are *Pagan*,—— French Dances; Fye, Fye, Antick;—— Our ordinarie dancing; villanous; 'tis mixt, and promiſcuous,, a ve[illegible] Nicolaitaniſm: —— The Benchers meaſures; I muſt confeſs they come ſomewhat near, were they not ſuperſtitious: ——VVhat then?—— Why —— The men may dance in one Room, and the women in t'other:——— Laſtly, for the Poſſet—— And truly here, I'm in a great VVood — But not to dwell upon the Letter, whither Poſſet, or P-oſſet, I ſhall take it as it lies before me — Poſſet — And truly that may be lawful too:—— Lemon Poſſet, is cooling — Carduus Poſſet, *Benedictus*---And Sack-Poſſet, comfortable——But VVedding—Sack—Poſſet —— There's the point;—Truly, I half doubt it, and that for fifteen Reaſons—— Hum ——

Fol. A plague o' theſe Fidlers — VVe ſhall be murder'd ere they come,

Sc. I ſay for fifteen Reaſons? — Firſt, from the name of the thing; Poſſet, from *Poſſe*, to be able; And from that fond ſuppoſition, firſt brought into VVeddings; An invention, meerly carnal: —But ſecondly, for that it miniſtreth abundance of unſavoury diſcourſe:—Thirdly, for that the Grace before it is none at all, and the Grace after it, lewd: — Fourthly, That it is eaten (by the parties chiefly concern'd) only in ſpight;—Fifthly,—Hum—Haw—— I ſay fifthly— (*Enter Fiddles.*)

Fol.

Fol. Servavit Apollo! ——— Strike up, ſtrike up — One noiſe beſt drowns another.

Sc. A wholſome obſervation loſt.

Fol. 'Twill keep cold for another time.

Wh. Come Gentlemen — One Dance, and then for the Poſſet, [*They dance. Tyro pipes.*] VVhy ſo——— VVe're all friends —— And now, you that are for the Poſſet, follow me.

Fol. Well mov'd —— Well mov'd —— The Bride begins to be ſleepy.

Bil. Lead on before there —— I'll bring up the Rear —— Come Landlord — Bear up for the Bar of *Cheſter*; and ſince we have had ſo good fortune to day, we'll henceforth boyle our Beef in Sack, and make the Beggars drunk with the Porridge. *Exeunt.*

THE END.

The Epilogue.

Spoken by *Mopus*.

I Had almoſt forgot —— Let's ſee ——— What weather?
Nor fair; —— *Nor foul;* —— *Indifferent;* —— *Both together;*
Clear if no clouds nor miſling; — *If there ſhou'd,*
It ſhall proceed from former Cauſes; —— *Good:*
So much for Doctrine —— To apply it now;
Yo've had a Play, But, whether good, or No,
'Tis paſt my Globe, — yet gueſs, the weather will
Prove fair enough, unleſs you make it ill.
'Tis you muſt make the Play, or ſtand, or fall;
Therefore, By me, To you, and you and All,
The Author bows — And perhaps reaſon for't;
Some Men the Judge, others, the Jury Court;
The one, more Juſt, if unconcern'd; The other,
More Pitiful; If he claps both together,
He means no hurt; For in a common Hall,
Noiſe carries it —— He fain would pleaſe you All;
Yo've had for Pit, for Box, for Gallery too;
Keep your own Poſts, and he is well enou':
But —— If you muſt laſh out, and think you can't
Be wits your ſelves, unleſs you pique, and rant;
At your own Peril be't, and further know,
Who gives a Character, in one, gives two:
He hopes the beſt ——— Nor will we, be perplext;
Laugh hearty now, and he ſhall fix you next.

FINIS.